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SQUIRE'S DAUGHTER (*who has just returned from Mediterranean trip*) TO GARDENER, WHO FOUGHT
IN THE CRIMEA.—“Didn't you think the Grecian Islands were very lovely, Gardener?”
GARDENER.—“Beautiful, Miss—beautiful; just like heaps of manure on a field.”



GROUP OF PALMS IN THE GARDEN

Where the Queen intended to Spend her Spring Holidays

WRITTEN BY CARL SIEWERS. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



EVERY arrangement has been made to receive her Majesty at the Hôtel Angst. The Empress Frederick did well to advise her Majesty to make Bordighera her headquarters in the Italian Riviera. The hotel itself is a palace; the grounds a garden of great beauty. Embowered in groves of palms and olives, oranges and lemons, they are backed with forest-clad hills, ascending to a range of rocky cliffs and mountains that gradually dip eastward

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in graceful lines along the coast, to be lost on the far-off horizon. The old town of Bordighera is picturesque in the most artistic sense that comes from old and irregular buildings and adaptations of architecture to mountainous conditions. What may be called the "new town" is luxurious and modern in its more or less classic forms of villa, palace and hotel, their white walls and occasionally red roofs flecked with the waving shadows of acacia, olive, and palm. Her Majesty's apartments occupy an entire wing of the hotel, so arranged

that they might ensure perfect privacy. Even the atmosphere suggests something of the distinction that belongs to the homes of royalty, and the manager, who is either a German or Swiss, has quite the air of a highly-placed Windsor official. The servants walk with a soft tread; they all speak English, and their manner is courteously deferential. There was no sign of hurry anywhere when workmen were engaged in the rooms destined for the Queen.

The choice of Bordighera for the sojourn of her Majesty this spring has elicited criticism in certain quarters with regard to the alleged scarcity of drives in its vicinity, and much stress has been laid upon the dusty and rather primitive nature of the high road towards Ventimiglia. A very short excursion in the neighbourhood will, however, show to the most casual observer numbers of charming drives, all at a short distance from the Hôtel Angst, and most of them leading from the beautiful Strada Romana. Apart from the perfect quietude of the quarter in which the hotel is situated, the Strada Romana is free from tramway lines (of which there are none in Bordighera), and there is also a marked absence of automobilists. To the northward extend *vallate*, with pretty country roads winding through ever-changing scenery, in the midst of hills covered with olives and palms to an extent not to be met with elsewhere.

In the *vallata* Borghetto, the drive to Vallebona, in that of Vallecrosia, to Vallecrosia and Ospedaletti on one side, and to San Biagio and Ventimiglia on the other, to say nothing of the drive to Soldano, and through the *vallata* Nervia to Camporosso, furnish an agreeable variety of scenery and points of view. Besides, these drives lead to Coldiro Di, and Dolceacqua, while longer routes, varying from ten to fifteen miles, lead through a charming country in various directions to San Remo, La Mortola, Mentone, Airole, Isola Bona, San Michele, Pigna, Ceriana, and Taggia. Beyond doubt, her Majesty would find in Bordighera a sojourn uniting every possible desideratum. It was stated that the high road to Ventimiglia would be put in order, and that before the arrival it would be

as agreeable and free from dust as are the Strada Romana, and the roads in the various *vallate*.

The following contain a brief account of some of the chief walks and excursions in the neighbourhood of Bordighera :—

CAPO DE BORDIGHERA.—From the fountain on the Capo (about twenty minutes' walk from the station) is obtained one of the finest coast views on the Riviera. Looking westwards, the first village seen is Ventimiglia. The mountain behind it is the Berceau, and the still larger one to the right is M. Grammonde (4,590 feet). The distant conspicuous peak a little to the left of Ventimiglia is Monte Baudon (4,210 feet), and the flat-topped mountain still further to the left is M. Agel (3,830 feet). Under the latter is seen the town of Mentone. Still further west is the Tête du Chien (1,910 feet), at the foot of which are seen Monaco and Monte Carlo. On the ridge about halfway between M. Agel and the Tête du Chien is the ancient town of La Turbie, with its conspicuous Roman tower. The long, low promontory to the west of Monaco terminates in Cap Ferral, and conceals the town of Nice, which is about five miles beyond. The most distant series of hills visible towards the west is l'Esterel. The view to the east from the cape is not so interesting. The first valley is that of Sasso, bounded on the east by the dark slopes of M. Nero (2,023 feet). Beyond is seen the village of Ospedaletti, and on the ridge above it Coldiro Di (generally called "Colla"). Above this appears M. Faudo. The headland to the east of Ospedaletti is Cap Nero, and beyond it again is the headland to the east of San Remo, namely C. Verde, on which the Madonna della Guardia is plainly visible.

TORRE MOSTACCINI.—The shortest way to this is to go straight up the hill behind the Hôtel Belvedere. There is no view from the foot of the tower itself, but a very beautiful one about one hundred yards to the north of it, not only of the old town of Bordighera, but also of the coast to the west and of the Borghetto valley. Invalids who are forbidden to climb steep hills can reach

the Torre by the new Strada dei Colli, which commences by Villa Banana in the old town. The road is not yet finished, but there is a fairly level path from the end of it to the Torre. Another path recommended for semi-invalids starts behind the Hôtel Belvedere and ascends the hill in a north-westerly direction by a large open piece of ground where there is a very fine view of the coast to the west and also of the Borghetto valley. The path then takes a north-easterly course, and the last part near the Torre is decidedly steep.

SASSO, SEBORGIA AND M. CAGGIO.—Follow the mule-path which forms the second turning to the left in the new Strada dei Colli; on reaching the aqueduct the path follows it to the right for a few yards and then turns off to the left up the hill. The crest of the ridge is followed to Sasso (one hour) and Seborga (a little over two hours). At the *col* a couple of hundred yards to the north of Seborga the path divides. The path to the right winds round the head of the Sasso valley and then ascends to the Passo Bandito on the M. Nero ridge. The path to the left descends at first, winds round the head of the Borghetto valley, and then ascends to S. Bartolommeo on the *col* between the Borghetto and Vallecrosia valleys. On the stone slopes to the north of Seborga will be seen a cross, and it is well worth the trouble of ascending to it (about three-quarters of an hour from Seborga), as there is a magnificent view from it. The path to it runs on the western side of the slopes.

To ascend M. Caggio (3,633 feet) follow the path past the cross, a short distance beyond this it crosses a ridge, descends a little, and then winds round under the main ridge to the south of M. Caggio (Costa Beina). The path itself does not go to the cairn on the summit of M. Caggio, but, on leaving it, the top is reached after a steep and rough climb lasting a few minutes. The return to Bordighera from M. Caggio is best made either *viâ* Passo Bandito and Monte Nero or *viâ* S. Bartolommeo and Vallebona. The path from the cairn to S. Bartolommeo is usually conspicuous by its absence, but the descent, though steep, is not difficult.

BORGHETTO AND VALLEBONA.—The Borghetto is the first valley to the west of Bordighera, and the village may be reached in about three-quarters of an hour, either by the new carriage road or by following the road along the left bank of the stream to the end, and then ascending by the mule-path into the village. Vallebona is about half a mile beyond Borghetto.

COSTA DE S. BARTOLOMMEO.—The views from the ridge between the Borghetto and Vallecrosia valleys are ever beautiful. From the *col* below the Cima dei Monti, a path follows close to the crest of this ridge past S. Sebastiano (a very picturesque cluster of houses on the *col* between Vallebona and Vallecrosia). Above Maciarina the main mule-path leaves the crest and descends a little to the west, and then continues almost horizontally round the road of the Vallecrosia valley towards Perinaldo and passing a little above the chapel of S. Giusta. This path then joins the mule-path from Seborga to Perinaldo, and by turning up this to the right, S. Bartolommeo is reached in about ten minutes. From S. Bartolommeo, Seborga can be reached in about one hour and three-quarters, and Bordighera in about four hours. From S. Bartolommeo there is also a small path along the crest of the ridge, rejoining the main mule-path near Maciarina.

SANTA CROCE.—Follow the old Roman road crossing the Vallecrosia stream either by the stepping-stones or by the small wooden bridge, 200 or 300 yards higher up the stream. About a quarter of a mile beyond the Vallecrosia valley there is a beautiful old stone gateway leading into a vineyard. Enter this and follow the path, which crosses a small road, and then ascends by a cottage, the ground floor of which is a cowhouse. The path then ascends the hill steeply to the north and continues along the crest of the hill; the larger mule-path keeps on the western side of the ridge, but the shortest for pedestrians is on the eastern side. The actual crest can be followed if desired, but this involves an unnecessary amount of climbing, as there are three or four secondary summits before the final one, on which Santa Croce stands, is reached.

From Santa Croce is obtained the finest panorama view within several miles of Bordighera. To the east are seen the villages of Bordighera, Sasso, Seborga, Vallecrosia, S. Biagio and Soldano. To the north Perinaldo, to the west Camporosso, Dolceaqua, Rochetta, and on the coast Mentone, Monte Carlo, Monaco and La Turbie. In the mountains the dark pine-covered peak behind Sasso is Monte Nero. The peak to the north of Seborga is M. Caggio, with M. Bignone rising behind. Still further to the north is

mountain above Rochetta is Testa d'Alpe. To the west of it stand the two pine-covered peaks M. Abellio and Abelliotto, and to the north of these again, in the west, loom some of the French Maritime Alps. Still further to the south-west are seen the mountains so familiar by sight to every resident in Bordighera, namely, Monte Grammondo, the Berceau, M. Baudon, M. Agel, the Tête du Chien, and l'Esterel.

CAMPOROSSO AND DOLCEAQUA. — Both these villages are in the Nervia



VIEW OF THE TOWN OF BORDIGHERA FROM THE QUEEN'S ROOMS

From Photo by E. BENIGNI.

the bare rounded top of Ceppo. The distant range of hills above Perinaldo form the head of the Triora valley, the two most prominent peaks of which are M. Fronte (above Perinaldo) and M. Sacarello, at the western end of the chain. The three fine mountains to the north form the head of the Nervia valley and are—M. Grai on the right, M. Pietra Vecchia in the centre, and M. Toraggio on the left. The dark

valley, the third valley to the west of Bordighera, and the excellent carriage road to Pigna passes through both of them. From Bordighera to the Nervia bridge, on the Ventimiglia road, the distance is two miles, and from there it is about three miles to Camporosso, and five to Dolceaqua. Camporosso is one of the most picturesque villages in the district. From S. Giorgio, a short distance from Dolceaqua, is a splendid

view of the village, with the ruins of the old palace belonging to the Doria family.

CASTEL D'APPIO.—This ruined castle stands on the ridge to the north-west of Ventimiglia, in a splendid position, and is about 1½ hours' walk from the Roia Bridge. Ascend the Mentone road for about 150 yards from the piazza, where the Bordighera omnibuses stop, turn back to the right up a narrow street leading to the town hall and a church, take the main street opposite the church which leads to the upper part of the town, turn up a path on the right just outside the town wall, bear to the right, pass through a gateway and then turn sharp to the left. The path is then unmistakable. About three-quarters of an hour beyond Castel d'Appio, keeping on the ridge but bearing slightly to the right, is M. Magliocca, where there is a fine view of the Roia and Bevera valleys. From the *col* just north of the castle the return to Ventimiglia may be made, by taking the path on the left which winds down through S. Lorenzo and Calandre by curious clay ravines, and joins the Mentone road just above the Ventimiglia barracks. By taking the path to the right by the cross at the *col*, a descent can be made to S. Bernardo, and then by a path on the left down to the river and back to Ventimiglia, or by following the path past the chapel, which ascends somewhat and leads into the upper part of the town.

THE AQUEDUCT.—Turn up the street on the west side of the church in the old town, and keep straight up the hill to the washing sheds, where a number of picturesque women are generally to be found engaged in washing and lively conversation. Then follow the stream to the right, passing under the Strada dei Colli, and ascend the western side of the Sasso valley at first high above the stream, reaching it after about half-an-hour's walk just above the old Roman aqueduct. This is a special favourite walk after rain, as the stone path dries very quickly. The aqueduct can also be reached by following the bed of the stream itself: a very pretty but rough scramble, only to be done when there is not much water in the stream.

MONTE NERO.—Take the main road to Ospedaletti, and about two hundred yards east of the bridge over the Sasso stream, turn up a mule-path on the left. Follow this for a short distance, and then turn sharp to the right up some bare rocks just beyond the first cottage on the right. The path bears to the left, and ascends the crest of a stony ridge. Shortly after entering the pine trees, leave the main path and turn up to the right, and then keep near the crest of the ridge, but on the eastern side of it. The summit of M. Nero is reached after a climb of about an hour and a-half from the high road. There is no good view until the *col* is reached, about ten minutes' walk beyond M. Nero, and considerably below it. If the path along the ridge be followed for nearly three-quarters of an hour, the Passo Bandito, where there are four cross-paths, is reached. The path on the left leads to Seborga, the one on the right to San Remo and Colla, and the one which continues along the ridge to the north to S. Romolo, and it should at first be followed in ascending M. Caggio by this route, but left as soon as it slopes to the east, and the crest of the hill then followed instead. The ascent of M. Nero is not recommended unless the pedestrian is prepared to continue his walk along the ridge beyond it.

MADONNA DELLA RUOTA.—This is on the main road to S. Remo, and about half-an-hour's walk from Bordighera. Walk down (by permission of Sig. Winter) through the new garden on the headland close to the chapel, to S. Jacob's Well, where the lovely group of palms has been left undisturbed. Then walk along the shore for about a quarter of a mile towards Ospedaletti, and visit the mineral spring just behind a thick grove of palm trees.

OSPEDALETTI TO SAN REMO, VIA COLLA.—The ascent to Colla may be made either by the mule-path in three quarters of an hour, or by the road from C. Nero in a little over an hour; from Colla to San Remo in about an hour. The picture gallery and library in Colla are worthy of a visit.

Between Ventimiglia and Mentone, past La Mortola, Mr. Hanbury's lovely garden should be seen.



THE VILLA GARNIER, THE CUSTOMARY RESIDENCE OF THE QUEEN OF ITALY

Apropos of the flora of Bordighera, its limits are best determined by the sea-shore between Ventimiglia and Cape Nero, and the crest of the hills, which, commencing between the Roia and Mervia valleys, passes by Monte Abellio, (1,015 m.), Rocce Forquin (1,427 m.), Testa delle Alpi (1,587 m.), Monte Arpetta (1,613 m.), Passo Muratone (1,156 m.), and Monte Toraggio (1,971 m.), attaining its furthest point northward, and its greatest elevation at Pietra Vecchia (2,040 m.), thence by Carmo Binelli (1,309 m.), C. Langan (1,204 m.), Monte Ceppo (1,617 m.), Monte Bignone (1,298 m.), and Monte Caggio (1,090 m.), descending to the sea at Cape Nero, east of Ospedaletti. Even the furthest of these mountains may be reached in a long day's excursion from Bordighera, but those who wish to explore their flora thoroughly can do so better by sleeping at Pigna or Bajardo, from which villages the highest

summits may be easily reached, the last, 150 m., of Toraggio being the only slope which cannot be ascended except on foot.

The flora of this district, whose greatest breadth east and west is about ten miles, and greatest length north and south about fifteen, and extending from the tropical sea-shore to the mountains, which are more or less covered with snow through a part of the winter—from the home of the Sea Lily, *Pancratium maritimum* (L.), to that of the larch trees on Pietra Vecchia—is necessarily a very rich one, and comprises some fifteen hundred plants, which may be gathered between the beginning of October and the end of June. Occasionally a few flowers of the above-mentioned most beautiful and fragrant of European plants, the *Pancratium*, may still be found by the sea-shore and on the railway banks in the first days of October.

AN APRIL MOOD



FROM war I come, to war I go,
Peace hath no lien on my stormy life,
But once—though dark the stern wood's frown.
The whole world smiled as I rode down—
An April mood with tears and laughter rife.

Close-serried pines on the steep hill
Threw lonely scouts out through the thickening gloom,
To where the rainbow, on their march,
Embraced them in a tinted arch,
A gleam of light from storm to flushing bloom.

A jonquil blossomed at my feet,
All the desires of spring were in its scent.
White petals in the ruffling breeze,
Dropped slow from sun-flushed apple trees.
The April mood o'er all was dominant.

The stain upon my sword is blood.
Scenes such as these should haunt some dreamful isle,
Not leave a fear that, 'mid the noise
Of life's far sterner, fiercer joys,
A claimant thence may come with tender smile ;

May lay a lingering hand on mine,
And prove a memory, though unowned, unclaimed,
With spring embodied in her prayer,
Her happy eyes, her unbound hair,
Swearing I know from whence she comes, unnamed.

Now must I carry far this fear,
That, when my looks are on the foeman bent,
A jonquil's bloom may charm my eye,
And I, with sword in hand, may sigh,
All the desires of spring are in its scent.

Author of "Miss MOLLY."



WRITTEN BY HERBERT PERKINS. ILLUSTRATED BY H. L. SHINDLER

THE "Death Adder" (*Acanthopis*) is certainly one of the most repulsive-looking reptiles to be found anywhere. It is the fashion in some modern books of Natural History to assert that this snake is not more venomous than some other Australian species. Against this may be placed the unanimous opinion of all white settlers and bushmen, that it is infinitely the most dangerous. The Aborigines not only dread it more than any other reptile, but while a black fellow will eat any other snake, no matter how venomous, that he has killed, I never knew one to touch an adder. Without entering the region of fable which surrounds this particular snake, it has been repeatedly stated to me by blacks in different parts of the colonies, and the fact has been thoroughly confirmed by many old bushmen, that although ants will devour the flesh and clean the skeleton of any dead snake or other animal placed on their nests, not only will they not eat a dead adder, but if one be placed on their nest they will abandon it and form another. I have seen a fine young bullock in the prime of health and strength die in three hours from the bite of one of these horrid reptiles, and the body much swollen up in another hour. I have also, strange to say, for it is very rare, known

of a cure from the bite of one. It is a most singular case, and wholly without parallel: and what makes the cure more wonderful still is that it was in the case of a black fellow, who are perfect fatalists in cases of snake-bite and just give up all hope at once. It is as follows. A friend of mine on the Liverpool Plains was out one day with a black boy, doing something at an out-station hut, when an adder bit the boy in the calf of the leg: he killed the reptile, told his boss, and then lay down to die. My friend was at his wits' ends. There was a lot of coarse rough salt in the hut, such as is used for salting down beef. He first cut a most terrible piece out of the boy's leg, put on a ligature, and then rubbed the coarse salt into the great wound, fairly pickled it, and finally bandaged it up with great handfuls of salt on it. The boy recovered, though the leg atrophied away till there seemed nothing left of it but the bones, and in this state he was pointed out to me ten years afterwards. The habits of the adder make it more dangerous than other snakes, as it is extremely sluggish and makes no effort to get out of your way. But this sluggishness is of the "Noli me tangere" kind, for stir it up or interfere with it in any way and it can strike and shift itself with a

rapidity unequalled by any other reptile. It is seldom found more than three feet long, and the head is largely out of proportion to its length. The venom fangs are very fine and small, perforated as in all true vipers, not grooved like other *Australian snakes*. This bears greatly on the subject of my story, for the venom could be preserved longer in the perforated fang than in the externally grooved one. The story of the death of the overseer is perfectly authentic, at least it has been repeated to me by numbers of respectable people who were alive at the time. The man's grave has been pointed out to me, and I never heard the story doubted in the district.

"*Thunderbolt*." James Ward, alias Thunderbolt, was in a sense a most successful bushranger. He was a native of the Northern Districts, and worked the northern roads round about the old "Hanging Rock," "Peel River," "Denison," and other Northern Gold Fields. He was not a cruel man, to which fact he owed his immunity from capture and the length of his reign. Of course, like all these bushrangers, he only kept at large through the support and sympathy of numerous relatives, friends, "Bush Telegraphs," and other confederates. Paddy the Mountain, who was a

well-known character in those parts, and whom I knew very well, was one of his staunchest supporters, although as far as I know he never took to the road with them. Ward's companion during his latter year or two was a half-caste boy from Port Macquarie, called "Yellow Jimmy," a most bloodthirsty young villain. It was a strange thing that during the great bushranging boom the very youngest lads were always the most brutal and cruel, with one or two exceptions. Partly through this boy, Ward got dragged into a drunken shooting business, in which he killed a publican in the Denison Diggings, and this started to make him unpopular and heralded his downfall. He was known to nearly every one, rich and poor, in those parts, and there are some most amusing anecdotes about his sticking-up jobs. His cave, which was actually discovered and shown to me by Paddy, is a wonderful place. I have been there several times; it is in very rough country and difficult of access. Still, some years ago parties used to be formed to visit it, although it involved some camping out and a good deal of time. Ward was shot at last by a trooper of the name of Middleton (I think). He was taken at a disadvantage, and passed in his checks after a career of nine years.

SKETCH PLAN OF NED BARNET'S PREMISES.



- A. Ned's bedroom.
- B. Parlour.
- C. Nellie's bedroom.
- D. Kitchen.
- E. Green's room.
- F. Fowl-house.

- 1. Front door.
- 2. Nellie's outside door.
- 3. Ned's bedroom window.
- 4. Nellie's door from parlour.
- 5. Ned's bedroom door.
- 6. Parlour back door.

• Hole in which the Adder's jaw was put.

THE DEATH ADDER'S HEAD.



AM still of the opinion that there was neither rhyme or reason in Tom Tregilgas waking me up, before going to work at the tunnel, just to let me know there was a snake under the big log by the hut side. If he felt anxious about it, why didn't he stop and kill it himself? I'm sure he was big enough and ugly enough to attend to all his own snake business.

For all that, I turned out, got a sapling, and went poking round the log to find out where the brute was, when one of the biggest and most vicious of Death Adders I ever came across precious soon let me know his whereabouts, by striking fiercely at my face with a bound like the recoil of a steel spring, and he very nearly caught me, too, which I suppose you know meant certain death. I only sprang back just in time, so that I proceeded to slaughter the loathsome reptile with more than usual gusto.

Now these sort of highly-spiced little episodes don't tend to put one in a very good temper, so when we all three mustered about sundown round the big fire outside the hut, I let Tom have my sentiments in stern and chastely festooned language, giving him to understand that the adder struck within an inch or so of my face.

"That's because you always want to poke your nose so damned close to everything, Jim," was all the consolation I got.

I had never yet been able to convince this thick-headed Cornish giant that it wasn't a highly criminal offence to be rather short-sighted.

"By Jove, Jim!" chipped in Dick Austen, just to change the subject, "there's some one hobbling out his horse at the creek."

Presently we heard the horse-bells, and then a figure came in sight waddling up the high, steep bank.

"Blind or not blind," I growled, my feathers still rather ruffled, "I can tell from here that it's Paddy the Mountain."

Paddy Kiordan, better known as

"Paddy the Mountain," was a celebrated local character. Even in that district of famed and daring riders, he was noted for his matchless and fearless horsemanship. Always with the best of horseflesh under him, no country was too wild or broken for him to negotiate. He had acquired his soubriquet from his recklessness in galloping down mountains so steep as seemingly to hardly afford foothold to a goat.

Near the township is a mountain, or rather a precipice, on which it would seem impossible for any horse to find a footing. Down this he had ridden full split many a time for a wager of a bottle of grog. Years ago, when the boys were out,* and Thunderbolt† was having a gay time on the northern roads, and making things hum with the mail-coaches and gold-escorts, Paddy the Mountain was looked on with very evil eyes by the police authorities. Actual participation in any sticking-up job had never been brought home to him, but he was believed to be the most efficient of bush telegraphs,‡ and it was pretty generally known that it was he who had shown Thunderbolt the cave on Ward's Creek, known to the present day as "Thunderbolt's Cave," where he had so long successfully defied pursuit; as well as certain secret mountain tracks through these wild and rugged ranges, discovered by Paddy and previously known only to him.

By-and-by he came up to the fire, a little thin man with very bow legs, a sharp, clear-cut face, a grey eye as bright as a star on a frosty night, and, although a bit the wrong side of sixty, still as active as a cat and as hard as nails.

* To be "out," or being "on the road," or "taking to the bush," all mean the same when applied to a person, *i.e.* being engaged in bushranging.

† The person here referred to is the real Bushranger "Thunderbolt," whose proper name was Jem Ward. He worked the northern roads only, and was "out" for nearly nine years longer than any other of these desperadoes.

‡ Bush Telegraphs were the bushrangers' Intelligence Branch; their remount and horse agents, generally harbourers, sympathisers and confederates.

"G'day, boys! I'll camp with yer here t'night, if yer doesn't mind."

Then, taking in all the surroundings with a keen, swift glance, he turned sharply on to me with an ominous shake of his head.

"Don't yer never do that no more, Sonny, now I tell yer!"

"Do what?" I asked.

"That!" pointing to the smashed-up remains of the adder at some distance from the fire.

"What! Not kill a beastly Death Adder?"

"Yes! kill 'em sartinly, the cussed varmin, but never yer leave 'em about!"

"Well, Paddy, there's no more harm in that joker, for Jim's bashed him up properly, for spite," put in Tregilgas.

"Yer a chump, young feller! Dead or alive, they're not to be monkeyed with. Bash 'em and smash 'em as much as yer like, there's pison and death in 'em still!" Then he went over, and, carefully lifting the remains of the snake with some sticks, brought it back and popped it into the heart of the great fire.

"There, that's better!" with a grunt, and looking hard at me.

"And so I tell yer now, Sonny, don't yer never do that no more!"

After which he puffed away at his pipe for a spell. Then turning on Tom Tregilgas with a snap:

"So yer think, young, feller becos an adder's dead there's no more harm in him, do yer? Well, see here—listen to me. When I was a kiddy the barracks down beyont at the big station were full of Gov'ment men,* but the triangles rigged up at the big tree where the muster-bell was hung on was only kept middlin' busy, till there come a new overseer who fair beat all out for devilishness. Bless'd if 'Pussy'† ever had time to get the blood on her tails dry, and all the old hands said it was a good bit too hot to last. Well, this overseer chap had a fashion in hot weather for going a swimmin' in the creek, so one arternoon as he was comin' out of the water to where his clothes was on the bank, barefoot yer see, blowed if he didn't tread right on to the upper jaw of an adder's head a layin' there with the fangs turned up, quite by accident of course, leastways so old Cockney Bill said, who was doin' odd jobs close

* "Government men" here means convicts, generally good conduct men, who were assigned to certain employers as servants.

† "Pussy," i.e., the flogger's cat-and-nine-tails.



"CAREFULLY LIFTING THE REMAINS OF THE SNAKE HE POPPED IT INTO THE FIRE"

by on the bank. Now the varmin as that jaw belonged to must have been killed for weeks, for the bones was bleached clean like, yet that there overseer was a stiff-un' afore sunrise next mornin'. Now what do yer say to that, young man? But there, I'm sort 'o mad too at tellin' yer this, for I'm blowed if I hardly ever speaks about it without bringin' on some bad luck—and once it were the cause o' the wust trouble as ever I'd anythin' to do with."

You can bet we were all at him to hear what this great trouble was about, but he wouldn't be drawn. Now I knew Paddy and his ways a heap better than the others, and as there happened to be a bottle of rum in the hut, I didn't despair of loosening his tongue. With a good stiff nip after supper and the prospect of more to follow, he caved in and started his yarn as we sat round the fire outside the hut.

"What I'm a-going to tell you chaps now happened a good few years back, when things was a bit more livelier round these diggings. There was a decent young feller of the name of Barnet, Ned Barnet, livin' about three mile from the 'Ponds' township, on a bit of a farm his father left him. Not a selection mind" (with a sniff of scorn), "but a proper little bit of freehold."

"He was a simple, good-hearted sort o' chap. Not much to look at, or very smart, but real steady goin' and hard-workin'."

"In the township was a gal called Martha Black; her father was the saddler. Well now she was partikler smart and *not* very steady goin', which was just the differ betwixt 'em. I am only a doin' her justice, boys, when I tells yer that she was out and out the handsomest gal as ever I clapped eyes on; there warn't her equal for looks not this side of the Queensland border—but I ain't a-doing her no injustice when I tells yer she was quite the wust one too.

"She was, I believe, the beautifullest gal in Austraiyer, and no gammon about it; the wickedest devil as ever was lapped round in a woman's skin. There was another gal besides mixed up in this business—Ned Barnet's sister, little Nellie. Pore Nell was a cripple, but a real pretty thing, with a bright,

sharp face on her. Three or four year younger nor Martha, and about sixteen then, but only a little slip no bigger nor a child of twelve with a kind o' hump on her back and one leg drawn up. She looked awkward enough on the ground, pore thing, but my word she was a reg'lar flyer on a horse. All our gals is good riders, you know that, but there weren't one in the district a patch on Nell. Their parents both died when Nellie was 'most a baby, so Ned reared her; and no father nor mother could have been kinder nor more lovin' to her than he'd been; and as for the gal, why she just doted on her brother.

"If any one tried to take a rise out of him seein' he wasn't partikler smart, they quick found out their mistake when they got the length o' Nellie's tongue on 'em. She was sharp enough, plenty, for both.

"However, be that all as may be, I knew Martha was carryin' on hot and strong with Billy Cleary, my own cousin, and sorrow's me to say it, the wust egg and most bloodthirsty young villin as ever took to the bush; so I was fair stunned when I heard one day that she and Ned was married a fortnight past. The fust thing as struck me was that poor Nell was in for a bad time of it, for there was no love lost between Martha and her. Then for the life o' me, I couldn't make out Martha's dart, nor the reason she'd married Ned; but I felt sartin there was something crooked up, and that it warn't all square.

"I didn't have to wait long, for two or three days after one of the boys told me as how an uncle of Ned's over on the Bathurst side was dead a while back and left him a tidy lump o' hard cash, and told me into the bargain as how Billy Cleary was a'ready hanging round in the bush back o' Ned's farm.

"I hadn't the proper hang o' the job yet, but it was plain enough to see that Ned with a pile o' cash and Martha and Billy Cleary hangin' round him meant trouble, and bad trouble at that, so I just saddled up and made tracks for the farm.

"It were after sundown when I got there, and found poor Ned thinkin'

himself just the happiest and luckiest chap in the colony. 'It was 'O Paddy! ain't she beautiful?'—and 'Wasn't she good to have me?'—and 'Ain't she fond o' me, too?'

"All such damned sort o' stuff as that, with the faggot of a wife hangin' about him and gammonin' to be spoony, till I felt reg'lar sick.

"Now I must tell you, boys, that Nellie and me was reg'lar chums. I'd given her one o' the best horses ever I crossed—that'll show yer what I thought of her; and, next to her brother, there was no one she liked or trusted like me. I could see plain from her face she warn't easy in mind, and after a bit I got a chance to have a yarn with her, spite o' Martha's watchin'. She told me it was all through the uncle's money. Soon as ever the news came about it, Martha made a dead set at Ned and had him married afore he knew where he was. Seems he'd been a bit spoony on her in a shy, backward sort o' way before.

"But the wust news as Nellie told me was that afore they'd been married a week she found Martha was meetin' Billy Cleary on the sly in the bush back o' the farm. Well, there warn't nothin' to be done that night, so I kept dark, and after supper we stopped yarnin' in the kitchen till bedtime. There was no one there but Martha, Ned, Nellie, a young chap called Green, who was doin' some fencin' and myself. Somehow in talk it came out as how Ned had killed a big Death Adder that day down by the cultivation paddock, and left it there. So I up and spoke pretty sharp to him, same like as I did to you Jim a while back, about leavin' the reptile laying around, and told 'em the yarn about the overseer at the big station, same as I just done to you.

"They was wonderful taken with it, partikler Martha, and she asked me all sorts o' questions 'bout this and that. If I thought it was done a-purpose? and how it was managed? and Ned he swore to make a fire and burn it off in the mornin'.

"Now, yer see, I'd made up my mind to tackle Billy afore Martha got a chance to give him the office to clear. I'd more say with Billy than any one

else, and p'raps if he was frightened of anythin' on earth at all, it was o' me. So I made up a yarn about an early start, and kept my horse in the shed all night stead o' in the paddock.

"It war just peep o' day when I saddled up, but as I rode over to the main slip-rails I could see a figure movin' towards the cultivation paddock, and went across to see who it was. Sure enough 'twas Martha!

"'Hullo, Martha!' says I, 'what's up, you're so precious early this mornin'?' "

"'Same for you, Paddy,' she says; 'but I'll tell you why I'm up. I couldn't sleep last night a-thinkin' over that yarn o' yours, and soon as it was light I got up to burn the varmin off myself, fear o' accidents.'

"'And that's just about the very best job you can be after, Martha. But so long, for I'm late,' says I, making a start.

"Looking back a while after from the top o' the ridge, I saw a smoke risin' up from the cultivation paddock.

"I'd no trouble in finding where Billy had been planted, but the nest was bare and the bird flown. She'd given him some danger signal through the night, with lamp flashes from the house, for his tracks were quite fresh, and I laid myself down to run them.

"Well, the best o' trackers—and I'd learnt all the darkies could teach me as a kid, with plenty of practice since—the best o' trackers, I'm sayin', can't run tracks as fast as a chap on a good horse can leave 'em behind him, so I didn't expect to overhaul Billy till he'd come to camp somewheres. But, you see, of a suddin' I come across one o' our post offices. Not a Gov'ment one, you bet. There I found a notice—the Captain* wanted me at his private residence. You can guess where that was Jim," turning to me.

"At the cave in Ward's Creek, I suppose," I answered.

"Right you are, sonny," continued Paddy. "And a precious long and tough ride it is from where I was, even by my own private and partikler short

* The Captain here referred to is the bush-ranger Jem Ward, alias "Thunderbolt," the only one of these customers to whom the title was applied on the northern roads.

cuts. It took me a couple of days to get there and fix up what the Cap. wanted, and the better part of another to pick up Billy's tracks again where I dropped 'em. They were quite plain yet, and after a while I saw from the way they were circlin' round that he was headin' back towards his old quarters.

"As I happened at the time, for a wonder, to be on pretty good terms with the traps, and free, so to speak, of

ness without knowin' the lay of Ned's premises, so I'll just mark out the plan of 'em here on the ground. There's plenty of light from the fire."

With that he scratched out a rough plan with the point of a pick on the ground, and explained how the parts of the two huts were occupied; and in case you should care to look at it, I have added a copy of the plan in the introductory remarks.

"It was close on eleven that night,"



"I CAUGHT SIGHT OF A FIGURE COMING ALONG LIKE THE WIND"

the township, I made up my mind to take the main road, which was better travellin', right through the township on to Ned's place.

"And now, lad, I think I'm due for a smoke, and if there's such a thing going as——"

"All right, Paddy, you shall have it," and I served him out a good second mate's nip.

After a spell he started off again.

"I've been thinkin', boys, that yer won't get the proper hang of this busi-

went on the little man, "when I got into the township and pulled up at Watson's pub. for a drink; then, late as it was, I pushed on to get over the other three miles to Ned's. I was about half way, when I heard the noise of a horse galloping like mad, and soon in the bright moonlight caught sight of a figure coming along like the wind. Before it came up I knew it was Nelly, racing along bareheaded with her long hair flyin' behind her. I shouted to her, and she pulled up. The pore thing was as

white as a ghost, and so scared like she couldn't speak for a bit, then——

"Oh, Paddy, Paddy!" she cried, 'thank God you've come—but don't stop me! Let me go! Let me go! I must fetch the doctor!'

"Hold hard a bit, little Nell, and jest you tell me what's the trouble. Remember, I'm a better judge nor you."

"And I caught hold firm of her bridle. Then betwixt sobs and the bitterest cries, she told me something. Listen to me, chaps. I've been in some queer ructions, seen and heard bad enough things, God knows, and no one has yet ever called me chicken-hearted either; but I tell you, as we stands round this here fire, what that pore little gal told me that night seemed to freeze the very blood in my veins.

"In those days, when men was a carryin' their lives and liberty about rayther loose and reckless like, they had to fix up their thinking pretty smart, not waste no time a-doin' school sums to see which way they'd to jump; yet I was fair staggered for a minute or two. Then it comes clear to me, and I asks her a question, and she tells me she'd roused up Green the fencer, and told him to keep watch as well as he was able without lettin' him know too much. Then I asks her straight, would she be feared to go back home?

"No," she says, 'Paddy, I'll do what you think best, but I must get the doctor first.'

"Never mind that, I'll fetch him smarter nor you. Get straight back and say as how yer met me, and I'm bringing the doctor along more sharp. And don't you do or say nothin' to make no one suspicious that yer knows anythin'. What have yer done with that yer found?"

"I've got it here," she says, 'wropped up in an apron,' and brings out a small bundle from inside her loose jacket.

"Then just pass it over here, your life's not safe with that on yer—she'd murder yer for it if she knew. See here, Nell, you've got no weapons, have yer? Eh? I thought not. Can yer handle a revolver?"

"I can so, Paddy, and shoot straight with it, too."

"So I got down, lifted her off her horse, and, taking off my revolver, made her strap it on round her, under her petticoats, and cut a hole through them by the butt, like a pocket-hole.

"And now," I says, 'when yer get back, keep yer fingers handy to that there hole and watch her close. Keep your eye skinned, Nell, and if she goes to meddle yer, or to come to close quarters with yer, or yer thinks yer in real danger, shoot the she-devil. Mind, it's me, Paddy, as tells yer. Shoot, I tell yer, and shoot straight.'

"I will that, Paddy," says Nell, 'an' I'd sooner shoot her nor I would a warrigal!'

"She spoke up firm, the pore little crippled gal a facin' me there in the bright moonlight. I looked her full in the eye—that's where you can tell 'em, men or women, or horses either, for that matter—and saw she was as game as a pebble.

"Well, then," says I, poppin' her up into the saddle—her brother's saddle it were too—'off yer goes, smart as yer please. I'll not be long after with the doctor.'

"And off she went like a flash.

"The doctor was sitting up playing cards with two young station chaps, when I bust in and hauled him out into the surgery. There I told him quick what the trouble was, and blowed if he didn't think at fust I was off my head.

"Yer've not been drinkin', have yer, Paddy?" he says; 'I can't credit this no-how, it's impossible.'

"Drinkin,' be damned! Did ever yer know me the wuss for liquor? Look! See that?"

"And I opens the parcel I'd taken from Nell. He shrunk back, his face pale with horror, as I pointed out something very partikler to him.

"God in heaven, Paddy!" he gasped out, 'it's fearful! It's the awfullest piece of devilishness in all the world!'

"While he was a-bundlin' up the things he'd want, I saddled his horse. Now, boys, even these present times I don't cotton much to the traps, but in them days I hated 'em wuss nor pison, and yet it was me as made the doctor

*Warrigal is the native name for the wild dog, or Dingo.



"GOD IN HEAVEN, PADDY!" HE GASPED OUT, "IT'S FEARFUL!"

write a few lines to the sergeant to send a trooper after us with sartin orders.

"I don't take long to get over a trifle o' three mile on a good road, but I found time to tell him my ideas, and he give in to my plan at once. It weren't but little over an hour since I stopped at Watson's pub., as I fust came into the township when we pulled up at Ned's, and I can tell yer, I breathed easier when I see'd Nellie standin' at the corner of the house.

"Martha, too, she come out as we rode up.

"Oh, she was so glad the doctor had come at last! She couldn't make out what was the matter! Her dear Ned only got up out o' bed to go over to the fowls' house, 'cause she thought she heard *native cats** at the fowls, and somethin' had run into his foot. He

wouldn't wait to put on his boots. She thought it must be a bit of glass, but he was so queer ever since, she couldn't think whatever was the matter with him. . . .

"And a whole heap more of suchlike damned lies.

"Poof!" and Paddy spat into the fire with intense disgust. "It makes me feel real bad after all these years to think of the cussed cat.

"Poor Ned was sensible, but drowsy and faint like, the foot was swollen and sort o' blackish, the wound to be seen plain. Soon's he looked at it, doctor ordered Martha off to get a bucket of boilin' hot water. As she went out I slapped the door close to, doctor out with his tools, tried the hole with a probe, gave a couple of snicks with a knife, then drew something out with his fine pincers and showed it me. Sure enough it was the fine needle-like point

*Native cats belong to the family of the "Dasyures." They are armed with sharp claws and teeth, and play about the same part in Australia as weasels do in England. *Dasyurus Viverrinus* the commonest variety in New South Wales, is a brown or black beast like a "marten," covered with white spots. The

skins make most beautiful rugs. They are very savage, and good rat dogs often refuse to tackle them.

of a snake's fang, and it was stowed away safe in his pocket-book afore Martha came back with the hot water.

"I can't find nothin' in the foot, Mrs. Barnet," says Doctor, "but it seems to me a case o' bad blood pisoning, so I'll treat him for that."

"But he didn't, for he just tried all he knew for snake pison. Anythin' possible he done, but it warn't no good, the poor chap got wuss and wuss, and a little after sunrise he pegged out."

"You'd have thought Martha was the lovin'est wife out, to see the way she went on, when she found her 'Dear! dear! Ned' was gone. I told yer about sending word to the sergeant? Well, a while after us a trooper came out, sayin' he'd orders to look about after some chaps out cattle-duffin'—but his real orders was to watch Martha. Doctor managed to get a word on the quiet with him, and sends him back through the night with a note to his house-keeper for some medicine; but the note really was for the sergeant. The trooper only brought a message back for doctor. But about an hour after poor Ned died out came sergeant himself, with another trooper. He heard all about the death, and said as how there must be an inquest out there, as the body would swell too much to move it, and he'd go back and let the police magistrate know. The magistrate and he fixed up things, so that when they came out about ten o'clock they'd a jury with 'em."

"Ned had just built a big shed for a barn and shearin' in; they fixed up some tables in it, and held the inquest there."

"Now, chaps, yer'll have to bear in mind the plan I scratched out."

"This here long hut at the back o' the main one was the kitchen, with this bit cut off the end o' it, where Green the fencer was campin'."

"The front house had three rooms, two main ones and a little skillion where Nellie slept. The door coming from the kitchen opened into the middle room, the parlour; the room to the left was Ned's bedroom; there was a door into it from the parlour, but none from the bedroom opening outside the house. The window you see was round at the side, not to the front."

"There was a door from the parlour into Nellie's little skillion room, and her window was at the side, too, but she had another small door opening to the front. The front door of the parlour was opposite the one from the kitchen, with a window each side of it. You'll understand now that any one in Ned's bedroom couldn't see out to the front or get there save by goin' through the parlour, but Nellie could see or go out through her small door to the front. The fowl-house was a way off here on the side of Ned's bedroom."

"Now I can't and don't mean to give you evidence all regular and in the order it was took down; yer'll have to get this yarn my fashion or not at all; when I've done p'raps yer'll understand why. There was a good few and the neighbours and township folk gathered in the barn when the inquest started, and I noticed the troopers kept pretty well closed up to Martha."

"Martha, she swore that Ned and her was in the kitchen till about half-past nine, then they went through the parlour into the bedroom to bed."

"They'd been in bed some time, about half an hour p'raps, when she thought she heard a noise in the fowl-house, like as if native cats was at the fowls. She roused Ned. He said he'd go over and see, and jumped out o' bed. She told him he'd better put on his boots, but he laughed and said it made no odds. He went through the parlour out o' the front door, and she went to the bedroom window."

"When he got clear of the front o' the house, she saw him goin' towards the fowl-house. It was bright moonlight at the time. He was more than half-way across when he cried out that he'd pricked his foot with somethin', and she called to him to never mind the fowls, but to come back. He hesitated a bit and seemed to be feelin' his foot, but went on and looked into the fowl-house; then he came to the bedroom window and said he could see nothin', the fowls was all right, but his foot was very sore. She went to the front door to meet him, and helped him into the bedroom and got a light to look at his foot. There was just a little prick like from a splinter of glass and a tiny drop o' blood."

"Then her sister-in-law Nellie came in, and was very excited and in a great state about what seemed to her a mere nothin'. Green the fencer came and asked what was wrong. Nellie was for fetchin' a doctor right away, but it seemed to her they were making a great fuss for nothin' and the doctor would laugh at them.

"By-and-by Ned said he felt very bad, and so she let Nellie go. Green and her bathed the foot and tried to find if there was anything stickin' in it, but could find nothin'. They gave Ned some rum. Nell was soon back sayin' she'd met Paddy the Mountain, who was goin' for the doctor. Ned was now gettin' real bad, and she began to be frightened. Nellie gave him a lot more rum and bathed his foot with some. That was all she knew till Paddy came back with the doctor. The doctor sent her for hot water, and when she came back told her he'd opened the foot and there was nothin' in it. They nursed him all night, but she had to leave the room at times, she was so upset. She was sittin' cryin' in the kitchen when they came and told her poor dear Ned was gone.

"When it come to Nell's turn, she let out she'd been suspicious o' her sister-in-law for some time. When pushed for the reason, she said how within a week o' Ned's weddin' she'd tracked Martha to a-meetin' in the bush with Bill Cleary, and several times since.

"Now I can tell you, boys, this made the sergeant and the troopers prick up their ears and look precious foolish too, for there was a heavy reward out for Billy, and he was wanted by the traps most partikler bad.

"Then Nell told about her brother killin' an adder and my tellin' them the yarn about the overseer. That the mornin' after, as Ned said he was going to burn it off, Martha told him not to bother for she'd done it a'ready, and pointed to the smoke down the paddock.

"Since then she'd been more oneasy still, though she couldn't say why exactly. Yesterday after dinner she was at the front door o' the parlour, with her stick in her hand, pokin' it about, and found a hole just in front of

the sill, where you'd step down; it was p'raps three inches deep and six long and filled in with loose fine earth.

"She was sure it was made by some one a-purpose, for the ground all round in front o' the door had been rammed with clay and gravel from the river and was as hard as a stone. Fowls couldn't have made it by scratchin' either. She'd lived there all her life and swept in front o' the door hundreds o' times, and was sure the hole was only fresh made. There was nothing in it then but very fine earth, for she poked her stick all round it. Just after dark, as she came round the side o' the house, Martha was stoopin' over this place, like as if she was feelin' for somethin'. When Martha saw her, she jumped up and went into the parlour. That night Nellie went off to her room before the others. She felt anxious and lonely, so she only part undressed, blew out her light and lay down on the bed. After a while Ned and Martha went to bed, and she got up, opened her outer door and sat down on a stool watchin' the moon. Then after a while she heard voices. The door into her room from the parlour was ajar, and the sound came quite plain through the slabs.

"She heard Martha tell Ned to get up and go over to the fowl-house. He seemed kind o' sleepy, and she spoke quite cross and short to him. Then she heard Martha tell him not to be fumblin' there for his boots, sure he could go that far without 'em, and to go out by the front door, for she'd taken the key out of the other and couldn't find it. Nellie heard him open the front door and she peeped out from hers. He stood for a bit in the doorway like a chap half asleep, rubbin' his eyes, and then stepped out. He seemed to her to step right on top o' the hole, and gave a sharp jump, cryin' out,

"Oh, what's that? I've run somethin' into my foot!"

"He didn't go straight to the fowl-house, as Martha had sworn, but round to her window.

"The moment as Ned cried out about hurtin' his foot," said Nell, "everythin' seemed clear to me!" I mind her" went on Paddy, "and can see her now stalkin' away to the magistrate with a

tear or so runnin' down her little white face. She was fairly larnt, spoke quick and narvous like.

"'Everythin' was clear, sir,' she says to him. 'Paddy's story about the overseer came plain before me. I knew what she went down the paddock for the mornin' after. I knew who'd made the hole and I knew what she'd put in it when I saw her stoopin' down over it. I knew as well as I do now what was in it then! I don't know what came over me. I felt stupid like and couldn't cry out. As Ned went round the corner, I ran to the place and poked my stick into it.

"'There was nothin' there when I tried it before, but now the first touch turned up what I knew was there. I threw my apron over it, picked it up, stamped down the soft earth and got back to my room, it didn't take not half a minute. Then I opened the apron and there in the moonlight was a snake's jaw; the jaw of that one my dear brother killed, and put there by that wicked woman to bring him to a cruel, awful death.'

"Then the pore thing broke down and cried fearful. Never shall I forget the scene in the barn; there was a few women there, some old enough to be Martha's mother, some girls that had been playmates with her. When the snake's jaw was produced and put on the table they went all half mad, some cryin', some beatin' their breasts as the shadder o' this devilish wickedness fell over them.

"One old woman, a friend of her fathers's, flung herself on her knees, her grey hairs loose about her shoulders and the tears pourin' down her face; she stretched out her arms towards Martha and cried—

"'For God's sake, gal, say it's a lie! For God's sake! For your own sake! For the sake of them as is mothers and wives show as ye're innocent. For the sake of all of us as has to bear childer, prove yer never laid that murderin' trap for your pore simple one-month-old husband!'

"It was a time afore there was order again, and Nellie went on to say that after she got back to her room she heard Ned and Martha talkin' at their window. He was sayin' the fowls seemed all quiet

and there was no use goin' over, as his foot hurt him terrible. She was in a reg'lar temper, and said if he wouldn't do that triflin' thing for her she'd go over herself. With that he went across. As soon as he left the window she rushed through the parlour to the door, and Nellie saw her gropin' about round the hole till she heard Ned's footstep, when she went inside and seemed very angry.

"Ned came straight back to the front door, not to the window at all, and stopped lookin' round the place where he pricked his foot. He was limpin' bad, then he went through into the bedroom. Nellie then came out, pretendin' to have been roused up. Ned called her in and told her that just outside the door he'd run something into his foot and felt very bad, and asked her to take a light and look outside for what he'd trod on; but Martha snatched the candle away, sayin' she'd go herself.

"Nell roused up young Green, and then she didn't know what to do. She couldn't say what she knew without accusin' Martha and of course her brother wouldn't believe it. Then, once Martha knew Nell had watched her and found the adder's jaw, she'd have got it from her, at the cost even o' the gal's life.

"'It wasn't,' as she said to the magistrate, 'that I was frightened for my life, sir, I would have laid that down gladly, a hundred times over, to save my dear brother, but his only chance was for me to live, anyway till I'd got the doctor.'

"But this Martha stuck out against till her brother felt so bad that he asked himself for the doctor; then, with Green's help, Nell got away at last.

"Green's evidence backed up Nell's about Martha tryin' to stop the doctor comin', and he said, besides, while Nell was away Martha spent all the time huntin' for what Ned had trod on. He bathed Ned's foot, and gave him a strong drink of rum.

"I've told yer a'ready how the pore young thing met me and told me her story, how I turned her back and fetched the doctor. After she got back, till we came, there was nothin' partikler

happened. Martha kept on huntin' for what she'd never find, and tried to stop them givin' Ned stimulants.

"The only evidence I had was about meetin' Nell the night before on the road, about tellin' 'em the overseer's story and the meetin' with Martha in the mornin' as she was goin' to burn the snake.

"The police evidence was that they'd found the remains of a Death Adder part burnt down by the cultivation paddock, and that the top jaw with the pison fangs was missin', and the hole outside the front was plainly made by a human bein', not by dogs or fowls. They had also found out that three days after his weddin' Ned had made a will leavin' three parts of what he had to Martha and one part to Nellie.

"I'm givin' yer now the doctor's evidence last, though it didn't come out that way. He told as how I'd burst into his house with a most terrible story, that he couldn't believe it till I showed him an adder's top jaw, and looking carefully at it I'd pointed out to him that part of one of the fangs was broken off and might still be in Barnet's foot. How we'd agreed to a plan on our way to the farm. That as soon as possible he made an excuse to get Martha out of the room, and then cut the fang out. From the first he was fear'd the case was hopeless; then he went on to say what he'd done for the poor chap, and certified that death was through snake pison from the fang in the foot. The dying man had told him plainly in my presence that it was just outside the door the thing had run into his foot, and that it was Martha who persuaded him not to put on his boots.

"There now, boys," went on Paddy, "I've given yer now the whole of the evidence in my way, so yer can get a clear idea of the case in a lump.

"But it warn't taken as simple and easy as I'm tellin' it, for there was a break in the middle, and a terrible one, too. I watched Martha close all the time. At first she was easy enough, but when doctor, who was called after her, spoke about my tellin' him a fearful story and showin' him the adder's jaw, then about cuttin' out the fang, and the rest o' his evidence, she seemed to feel

the game was up; but still it warn't clear to her yet how the murderin' thing got into my hands. But when Nell's turn came after the doctor, and the villin found how she'd been shadowed and tracked down by that pore little crippled gal, and all her devilish tricks bust up, the rage as took a holt o' her was awful to see. Never, if I was to live to be a hundred year old, shall I forget the awful sight o' her; she seemed a'most to blaze afire with rage. They say Hell's full o' devils. Two on 'em at any rate wern't there that day, but inside o' Martha, a-lookin' out, one from each her eyes.

"As Nell went on, the adder's jaw was put on the table, and it was the sight o' this as worked up the women so. When she'd done her evidence, doctor stepped up to show how the bit of fang he'd cut out o' Ned's foot fitted to the stump. Every one in the barn was pushin' and stretchin' forrard to watch him. Even the troopers who'd closed up round Martha was straining over to get a look. One on 'em, Dick Hughes, at her right hand, leant over near in front o' her. The flap of his pistol holster was unfastened. Like lightnin' she snatched his revolver out and fired point blank across the table at Nellie. My eyes had never been off her. I saw the move, whipped my arm round Nell's neck, and dragged her aside. The ball just missed her, but I got branded, for it went through the fleshy part o' my arm.

"On the shot as it were Dick threw her hand up, in time at any rate to send the second ball above our heads. They then closed on her, disarmed her and whipped on the darbies.

"The case was then finished. Besides a verdict of guilty of the murder of her husband, she was committed for trial on a charge o' shootin' with intent, and marched off to the township lock-up, but they didn't know the sort o' woman they had to deal with. They kept lookin' into her cell at off-times through the night, but though at three in the mornin' she seemed quiet enough, when they came again at sunrise she was dead, a-hangin' from the bars o' her cell window.

"She'd torn her petticoats up, twisted



"FIRED POINT BLANK ACROSS THE TABLE AT NELLIE"

'em into a rope, and saved the hangman a job.

"And now yer've heard me out to the finish; tell me, boys, if ever in what they calls the history o' crime, yer've come across anything to equal the story o' this most cold-blooded and devilish woman; and yer can't wonder as it makes me feel cranky when I see any

of them pisonous reptiles, though dead enough, p'raps, left layin' about, or that I am feared o' somethin' bad happenin' from them."

"At any rate, Paddy," I said, as we finished the bottle, "in this case there won't be any more trouble," pointing to a little heap of feathery ashes, all that remained of the Death Adder's head.



"A CHILD AMONGST THE DEAD"



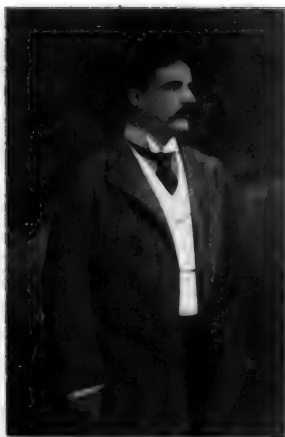
THE sun look'd down on Afric's burning plain
 One summer morn; on ghastly signs of strife,
 On blood, on death. No sound, not e'en one moan
 Broke the sweet stillness; only plaintive cry
 (O' *dikkopf*,* rising, falling like a dirge,
 And buzz of insect, filling all the air.
 The dead lay strewn around—the manly form,
 The grey-hair'd vet'ran, side by side with youth.
 All wrapp'd in wondrous majesty of death.
 Shine, summer sun! Thou canst not break their sleep.
 To them the sun has set; or, better far,
 Has risen the "Sun of Righteousness,"
 With healing in His wings.

A gentle sigh

Falls like light breeze upon the list'ning ear.
 Surely a sunbeam must have kindled life
 In one cold frame! Is it the sun's red flush
 Just gilding marble? Nay, 'tis life within,
 Tinging yon cheek, ere now so pale, with rose;
 Curving the lips, so lately still, with smiles—
 Smiles born of dreams, his senses slumb'ring yet.
 The dark eyes raised, with yet unseeing gaze,
 Beneath fringed lids that tell of childhood's grace.
 Scarce sixteen summers can have come and gone
 Since that still smooth and softly-rounded cheek
 Lay on a mother's breast in cherished infancy.
 What does he here, that bright-haired, noble boy?

* A bird with mournful note, that cries "Huie! Huie!" on the veldt.

War, fierce, unrighteous, swept his own dear land,
Raided his home, and laid its idols low.
Those he loved best—his father, brother, friend—
Had joined the strife, for victory or death.
He too must go, his Queen and country call;
He must defend the right, avenge the wrong,
And fight for Queen and country until death.
A cruel ball had laid him low; and night
Found him unconscious 'neath the moon's cold beams.
And still he murmurs, wand'ring on in dreams
Of sister, home, and comrades on the field.
See, now he lifts his head and looks around!
Ah! *now* he knows—there lie his comrades dead—
Alas! but *he* still lives! Then the warm tears
Rush to his youthful eyes, and from his heart
An earnest, thankful prayer ascends to Heaven.
Sweet life is spared to him; he yet may see
His mother's smile, and hear his sister's voice.
Feebly his pulses beat, but his firm hope
Is fixed on God, Who will not let him die.
Oh, for a draught to slake his burning thirst!
Oh, for a shelter from the sun's fierce rays!
A tinkling sound of water strikes his ear,
And lo! ten paces scarce away, he sees
A tiny *kloof*. Ah! there it must lie hid.
A cruel pain tells where the ball lies deep,
But the brave boy, scarce heeding, crawls along,
And soon he drinks deep draughts and laves his brow
In sparkling stream, pressing his lips and cheek
On cool, green fern, bright dew-dropped flower.
Thus he was found, ere long, by those who sought,
With anxious care, the living 'mongst the dead.



SIR FRANCIS MONTEFIORE, BART.

From Photo by THOMSON

Some Considerations on Zionism

WRITTEN BY SIR FRANCIS MONTEFIORE, BART.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



THE third Congress of Zionists, which has lately taken place at Basle, and the impression which it has made not merely on the Jewish people but likewise on all those who take an interest in movements which are likely to affect the history of the human race, has been so great that it can surely not be inopportune briefly to consider the present position of Zionism, and also what its future is likely to be.

To all impartial observers, no matter whether they are the warmest supporters or the most bitter opponents of the

Zionist cause, one fact must certainly be so salient that no sophistry can explain it away, and that is the marvellous progress which this movement has made since the first Congress, which took place at Basle but little more than three years back.

So much that is confusing and contradictory has been written and spoken about Zionism, and both the movement and its leaders have been so violently and shamefully attacked by its opponents, and even by a section of the Jewish Press, which apparently seems sometimes to have thought that its chief

mission was not to present facts in their true light but rather to attempt to obscure them, that it has perhaps not unnaturally happened that its real meaning and objects have sometimes been lost sight of.

It will therefore, I feel, be neither unnecessary nor uninteresting briefly to recall the main facts which have chiefly helped to bring about the present open expression of aims and sentiments which are now thus deeply agitating the Israelitish people.

Of all the many questions the consideration of which are being forced upon the people and the rulers of nearly every civilised country, few are more constantly to the fore than that ever-recurring and never-settled Jewish question, the attempt to solve which has been at once the aim and despair of philanthropists and politicians of all times and of all lands, for, endeavour to disguise it as optimists may, the plain and unwelcome fact remains that the Israelitish people, who have members of their race in almost all countries of the world, are, in the vast majority of them, held in dislike and contempt, while in some not only are they harassed and vexed by special laws, but the feeling against them is often so bitter that both their lives and property are in constant danger.

Even in England—that classic land of liberty where the position of the Israelite is far better and happier than in any other country—faint rumblings of the Anti-Semitic storm have been heard.

The outcry against the admission of pauper aliens, which has lately been raised, has indeed generally been nothing but a badly-concealed attempt to prevent the immigration of poor Jews who were driven from lands where tyranny and oppression were specially rife.

It must, however, be admitted that in most countries (though, of course, their wealth has shielded them to a great extent from suffering the full effect of this feeling, the brunt of which has generally to be borne by their poorer brethren) hatred and spite have undoubtedly been directed not so much against the Jews generally as against those wealthy money kings, many of whom are popu-

larly supposed to be rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

The world is for the most part full of marvellous legends of their vulgarity, purse pride and love of ostentation, and it must be admitted that there is but too much truth in many of them. There is, however, no difference between these people and the parvenus of all other countries, for it must be borne in mind that, with a few notable exceptions, these money kings are generally of very humble origin, and in many cases their education, except from a commercial point of view, has been most defective.

No reasonable being would form an opinion of the character of the inhabitants of any country by judging them merely by the eccentricities of a few of its newly-enriched members without taking into consideration the more highly cultured who have made their mark in politics, literature, science and art, and to do so in the case of the Israelitish people alone is manifestly absurd. As Dr. Max Nordau so eloquently said at the Basle Congress, "Our faults and mistakes are the faults and mistakes of



MAX NORDAU

all human beings who are living under the same social and historical conditions; but besides these faults, which we do not deny, we might boast of some good qualities which do not pertain to any other nation to the same extent." But while, unfortunately, these good qualities have, for the most part, been so generally ignored that they have availed them but little, their faults and mistakes have been so grossly exaggerated and constantly exposed to the public gaze, that the prejudice against them is steadily growing, and the time cannot be far distant when the Jewish people will be practically compelled to choose between either complete assimilation with the nations among whom they live, or adoption of the Zionist programme.

I have purposely used the words "complete assimilation," for experience has shown that partial assimilation is worse than useless, and does indeed but aggravate the very evils which it seeks to cure. Take for instance the case of the French Jews. There is probably (as recent events have but too clearly shown) no country in the World where the Anti-Semitic feeling is stronger than it is in France, and certainly there is no country where, generally speaking, the Jews have tried more to merge their identity and nationality in that of the people amongst whom they dwell, yet the fact that they do so is one that is being constantly thrown in their teeth.

The French fiction of the present day is constantly holding up to ridicule some newly enriched and recently ennobled Israelitish plutocrat and his wife who, by denying their race and religion, attempt to force their way into a Society where they are more frequently tolerated than welcomed.

It is true that Anti-Semitism might in time be probably stopped by complete assimilation, but only in the sense that death may be said to cure the disease which has killed its victim, for the Jew who wished to be thoroughly assimilated with those among whom he lived would not only have to abandon his religion but he would have to give up all thought of racial intermarriage, so that in time the Israelitish people would vanish from off the face of the earth.

There remains, however, yet another

solution of this problem, and that is Zionism, which, again to quote Dr. Max Nordau, means: "To unite the Jews on the historic soil of their original country in sufficient numbers, in order to be there no longer a minority merely tolerated, but a human majority, with full exercise of its civil rights," and the way in which Zionism proposes to carry this scheme into effect is by obtaining from the Sultan a charter which shall enable the Jewish people to found legally safe-guarded colonies in Palestine, where, while fully recognising the suzerainty of Turkey, they shall yet have a sufficient amount of local self-government granted to them to enable them to administer their own internal affairs in the way that seems best to them, and, above all things, that they shall not be deterred from laying out capital by the fear that the fruits of their capital and industry might be practically confiscated by unfair or excessive taxation; and it may be as well at once to explain that, if such a scheme were carried into effect, not merely the Jewish people, but likewise the Turkish Government would certainly reap many and solid advantages; for, in the first place, they would find their position greatly strengthened by having in the midst of a now comparatively sparsely populated district a new band of loyal and faithful subjects, and then not only would the territory where the Israelitish people were settled pay to the Porte a far larger revenue than it at present does, but all the neighbouring districts would on account of the development of the agricultural and commercial resources of the country become far more valuable.

For it must never be forgotten that it is not want of fertility, but an almost total neglect of all agricultural enterprise which is the cause of the present unsatisfactory state of Palestine.

Yet even now silk, cotton, oil, maize, wheat, barley, tobacco, grapes, and many other fruits, can all be cultivated to advantage; and Colonel Conder (than whom there is no greater authority in all matters that concern the Holy Land) affirms, without hesitation, that there is no physical reason why its prosperity should not be equal to that of former

days, and that it could support a population ten times larger than the present one. While as regards the commercial resources of Palestine, there is no doubt whatever that if the harbours were improved, and the country were traversed by good roads and railways, that the trade would greatly increase, and it would in all probability again become, to a great extent, as it was in the middle ages, the highway for merchandise between the East and West.

I have purposely dwelt on the fact that both the commercial and agricultural resources of the Holy Land might easily be vastly developed, as it is one of the favourite arguments of the anti-Zionists that even if the Zionist programme were theoretically desirable, it is one which is practically impossible, because, for some mysterious reasons, Palestine is a country where it would be quite impossible for any large number of people to earn a livelihood.

The love of their old country is so deeply ingrained on the hearts of the great majority of the Israelitish people that in all ages many of them have, as they advanced in years, returned to Palestine in order that they might end their days in that land which is by them ever regarded as sacred, and for some years back certain societies have established some Jewish colonies in the Holy Land. Their number, however, was limited by the Turkish Government, and no title deeds were granted to the colonists, so that their property was entirely dependent on the personal good-will of the ruler of the district.

It is not, therefore, surprising that, though these colonies have been successful in so far that they have clearly demonstrated how fertile the land of Palestine is, and what excellent agriculturists Jews can make, that from a financial point of view they have miserably failed, for at the present time they are more or less dependent on the assistance of some benevolent society or millionaire.

Under such conditions it is, therefore, clear that Jewish colonies can never be established in Palestine on a large or satisfactory basis.

Not all the wealth of all the Israelitish plutocrats would suffice to bolster up a

mass of colonies which were not self-supporting. Moreover, the jealousy which unfortunately exists between so many of the leading Jewish financiers would undoubtedly prevent their ever combining together for such a purpose. Besides, it must not be forgotten that freedom and independence are valued by the Jews above everything, so that it is not surprising that the idea of colonies where the colonists are but little better than serfs has not deeply appealed to the Israelitish people in general.

Zionism, however, which, above all things, insists on the freedom and independence of the Jewish people, has, as one of its chief aims, the obtaining of such concessions that it will no longer be necessary for any colony to rest on charity.

As regards the fate of Zionism, those who uphold it may assuredly look forward to the future with every confidence. Already it has been the means of drawing together into one bond of brotherly love men who, though of the same race and religion, had previously scarcely had one common sympathy or aspiration. The number of its adherents is rapidly increasing, and there is now scarcely any place where any considerable number of Israelites are gathered together which has not its Zionist association; and it may fairly, and without exaggeration, be said that, from the time when, in response to Dr. Herzl's call, there first flocked together to Basle from every part of the world that band of noble-hearted men who were determined to try to raise the Israelitish people to a position more worthy of their past traditions, down to that memorable day when, in spite of every opposition, the Jewish Colonial Trust was firmly established, the progress of Zionism has been one long triumphant progress.

Speaking generally, the Zionist cause has met with a vast amount of sympathy from non-Jews, and though it is perfectly true, as the anti-Zionists are never weary of proclaiming, that the movement has not been supported by the entire Jewish people, and that many of the richest Israelites are bitterly opposed to it, these facts, on closer examination, lose much of the meaning which the



DR. HERZL

anti-Zionists would fain attach to them. Recent events have made it clear that many Jews have not yet joined the movement merely because they first wished to consider it in all its bearings, and now those who are in the best position to form an opinion on the subject are convinced that a large number of new adherents may be expected in the coming year.

While the bitter hostility which has been shown towards Zionism by many of the great Jewish plutocrats is certainly—though greatly to be deplored—a matter of no very great significance when it is remembered that not only do they form but a very small proportion of the whole community, but that also, with a few exceptions, they are the least patriotic and least orthodox members of the Israelitish people, and that their influence is consequently far less than many people suppose—a striking proof of which is the successful establishment of the Jewish Colonial Trust, which, according to the words of the prospectus,

is "the financial instrument to carry out the practical objects of Zionism." The great Hebrew financiers, who for the most part were deeply prejudiced against Zionism, when appealed to, refused all assistance to the trust, and indeed many of them used all their influence to try to prevent its formation. Many even of the financial papers, which are more or less under their influence did not hesitate to declare that the scheme was an absurd and impracticable one, yet the sum necessary to found the Company was at once raised, there being at the present time more than one hundred thousand shareholders, thus clearly showing that the formation of this Trust was not the outcome of the enthusiasm of a few fanatics, but a tribute of patriotism and loyalty from a large mass of the Jewish people.

Assuredly it cannot but be a source of great strength to the Zionist movement that it has as its leader Dr. Herzl, a man of the greatest ability, and one whose character stands so high that not even his most bitter opponents have been able successfully to cast a slur on the purity and integrity of his motives, while he has as his trusty lieutenants a band of followers who admittedly represent the best types of Jewish talent and culture.

But the most favourable augury of all for Zionism is the fact that it is undoubtedly receiving the warm support of the most representative portion of the Jewish people, who see in it a means of at last taking practical steps towards realising that lofty ideal of all patriotic Israelites, that day-dream which has, during long centuries of tyranny and oppression, been oftentimes their only support and consolation. The way of enabling all Jews, who wish to do so, to return to that land which is by them ever regarded as the sacred land of promise, to live there honourably and worthily. No longer on toleration and sufferance, no more the mere pensioners of some pious plutocrat, but as free men, and free citizens, respected and esteemed by all, independent of man, dependent on God alone.



M. FRANZ REICHEL

Football in Paris

WRITTEN BY REGINALD BACCHUS. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

It is barely a decade ago that the connection of a Frenchman with the game of football, even in the passive rôle of spectator, was considered first-class material for the more extravagant humours of the comic papers. Did an artist lack inspiration for a picture, was a joke manufacturer dull for want of a quip, the subject of the perplexed Gaul on the touch-line, or the terrified Gaul lured into the trampling press of *le kick ball*, was a recognised means for evoking Homeric laughter.

With our healthy British conceit of bone and muscle, and guided by the fulminations of that equivocal champion of his people, Mr. Max O'Rell, we have been accustomed to look upon the countrymen of Napoleon as out and

out cowards so far as our rough open-air sports were concerned. I can well remember when at school that the determination of the French master to play in a big-side game drew crowds of intending scoffers to the touch-line. The subsequent uncomfortable spectacle of the burly Breton laying low the flower of the school three-quarter backs on his passage goalwards stayed the witticisms on the lips of many a would-be jester. Since that day I have never laughed at the possibilities of French football.

Contrast the attitude of ten years ago with the simple paragraph in a daily paper, announcing that the "Barbarians," our leading Rugby club, have played a match against a Paris fifteen, and been but barely victorious. It is with

justifiable pride that the founders of French football can say *nous avons changé tout cela*. Teams that originally went to Paris with the avowed intention of "having a good time," in the broader acceptance of the phrase, regarding the match as one of the less important incidents of the trip, have returned with serious purpose and the knowledge that they would have their work cut out to win. To-day scarce a Sunday passes during the season but a crowd of enthusiasts is drawn to the Bois de

bring the game into prominence in that country, I should like to finally dispel the delusion that French football differs but slightly from a comic performance at a music-hall.

The game was originally started by English and American residents in Paris. These gentlemen, being members of the two clubs, the *Stade Français* and the *Racing Club de France*—institutions devoted to foot-racing, lawn tennis, rowing, cycling and fencing, in fact to all the athletic sports then



RACING CLUB DE FRANCE

Boulogne or one of the suburban grounds to watch a match between French and English footballers.

So far, however, no attempt has been made to give a correct idea of the development of the game in Paris; and as I was privileged to be a member of one of the first fifteen that incurred the wrath of the Rugby Union by playing football in France on a Sunday, and have since on several occasions renewed my acquaintance with the thoroughly good sportsmen who have laboured to

known to the Parisian public—determined to add Rugby football to the list. This was done; a keen rivalry sprang up, and the two clubs have since hotly contested the premier position in Paris football.

It was not, however, till an English fifteen visited Paris that French players began to show an intelligent appreciation of the niceties of the game. Till then the play, though often individually excellent, had been of an extremely rough and ready order, and he who would referee

in an important game must needs be a gentleman of iron nerve and steadfast purpose.

To the Civil Service Club belongs the honour of opening the ball. They visited and severely defeated the *Stade Français*, and on the latter club crossing to London, repeated the defeat. Then, in 1893, Mr. Lorne Currie, of Exeter College, took an Oxford team to play the *Racing Club*, and on that occasion a thoroughly strong side, all of whom, according to the Parisian press, were giants in stature, won a hard-fought game by a goal and two tries to nothing. The mantle of Mr. Currie fell upon the capable shoulders of Mr. Philip Goldring, who has since regularly visited Paris with a team. It is significant of the improvement in the play of our neighbours *d'outre manche*, that though he has each year taken a stronger side, yet he has each year found it more difficult to lead his side to victory.

The Frenchmen in their turn visited Oxford, and before an undergraduate audience, inclined to treat the whole affair as a huge joke and an agreeable alternative for a *matinée* at the theatre, proved themselves a nut to be seriously cracked. International amenities were undoubtedly improved by the visit, and though the Parisians were aghast at the action of the Proctors in forbidding their practice in the "Parks" on Sunday, they took away with them an exalted impression of the hospitality of the undergraduate. "The students," so wrote a journalist in a French paper, "spend their days, but particularly Sundays, in immoderate feasting: in the evenings they dine in huge banquetting halls hung with the pictures of the kings and princes who have been educated there, and before huge fires of logs oxen are roasting whole."

The historical affinity between Scotland and France next led an Edinburgh team to throw down the gauntlet, and another series of home and home matches was inaugurated. The powerful Yorkshire club of Manningham also crossed the Channel, and, accompanied by a host of friends, under the guidance of Mr. Cook, did Paris thoroughly by day, and a little more

thoroughly by night. Many clubs on touring bent have since discovered that Paris is within eight hours of London, and some self-overrated combinations have paid the penalty of presumption and returned defeated.

It is hard for the conventional English mind to associate the "Gay City" with football matches. The happy-go-lucky life of the Boulevards and *café-chantants*, that we are taught to regard as the all-in-all to the true Parisian, strikes a note differing so widely in tune from the stern conflict of the football ground, that it is not easy to conceive other than a fancy picture of the game. I well remember that on our first visit from Oxford to Paris we were prepared to find the affair set about with a deal of pageantry and not a little humour. As a matter of fact, the appearance of the lists and the conduct of the game were but little strange to English ideas. It was a disappointment to many to find that the referee was not arrayed in evening dress and girt about the middle with the tricolour, and those who had expected to find the sides of the ground arranged in the manner of the open-air *café* so dear to British hearts, were grieved at the plain severity of the seating arrangements. True the *tribune*, or grand stand, was ornamented with bunting and a remarkably inaccurate representation of the University coat of arms, while from the summits of the opposing goal-posts fluttered the tricolour and the Union Jack, which were duly changed at half-time; but otherwise the arena bore a gravely decorous appearance. At half-time a long interval was announced, during which the players paraded the ground like race-horses in the paddock, each attended by an admiring coterie. Bovril was served, and the more daring, or the more reckless, partook of alcoholic drinks and the nerve-cooling cigarette. At the close of play champagne was served in mugs, which by reason of its sweetness was mistaken by the guileless for ginger-beer, and partaken of not wisely but a great deal too well. Of course a banquet followed the match, at which great good-fellowship prevailed, and



OXFORD

OLYMPIQUE

the attempt of an honoured guest to make a political speech was sternly repulsed. Also, of course, a little tour in the Montmartre district followed, and the spectacle of two brawny, kilted Scots, armed with their national instruments of music, leading a procession of devil-may-care *viveurs* and *cocottes* round the Moulin Rouge will not soon be forgotten by the habitués of that place.

On a subsequent occasion an Oxford fifteen played a match against the *Olympique* club, a newly-formed and hyper-chic association under the direct patronage of the Prince de Sagan. Especial efforts were made to lend due dignity to the event, and the select grounds of the *Tir aux Pigeons*, the Hurlingham of Paris, were graced by the ravishing toilettes of the *haut monde*. The approaches to the field of play were carpeted, and large charcoal braziers placed at intervals along the touch-line diffused a welcome heat. At half-time a commodious marquee housed the weary players, and there was champagne for all who dared, an innovation which, however popular it might prove in England, would scarcely

accord with the accepted traditions of training régime. That delightful satirist, Madame Gyp, was present to watch the play of the two Comtes de Martel, her sons, and delighted all in hearing with a running fire of witticisms anent the game. The elder of the two de Martels, determined to be original, wore a watch bracelet on his wrist throughout the match. There was no resultant accident.

So much for the conditions under which football is played in Paris; the manner in which it is played would startle not a few scoffers. I remember that the easy assurance of victory with which we took the field on the occasion of our first visit suffered a rude shock before many minutes had elapsed. At that time, six years ago, the French players had no idea whatever of combination, but the speed and agility of the backs, and the great physical strength of their forwards, rendered them man for man a formidable side. During the ensuing years they have learnt a great deal about the passing game, but though their combined pieces of play are often brilliant they are far

too apt to lose their heads in the rapid development of the game, and so what should be a weapon of offence becomes a source of danger; intercepted passes have resulted in numberless tries being scored against them. From the very first they have been fearless tacklers, and now that they have learnt the secret of collaring low they are very difficult opponents to pass. Their great fault, however, is an extreme disinclination to kick; when they could safely gain ground by a judicious punt into touch, they invariably choose the foolish, if more glorious, method of running with the ball. The French temperament is admirably suited to the dash and spirit of the game; there are already many players in Paris who would do credit to first-class English teams, and, with the added experience of a few more years, I shall not be surprised to find a representative Paris team give a hard match to Blackheath or Richmond on their own ground.

I had a talk, when in Paris last Christmas, with M. Franz Reichel, the captain of the *Racing Club*, and the best three-quarter back in France. I can well remember when first we met this little gentleman on the field of play how his cat-like agility flabbergasted our backs and raised the spectators to a frenzy of enthusiasm. He entertained great hopes of the future of football in Paris, but he detailed to me several grievances which must seriously handicap the proper popularity of the game.

Firstly, of course, comes the system of national conscription for the army, which takes away men from their clubs during the very years of their football prime.

Secondly, the absurd law that the

professors at the great schools are legally responsible for damages to their pupils, however incurred. Naturally they discourage all dangerous games, football in particular; and the boys, having no healthy sports to turn to, become influenced at an absurdly juvenile age by the pernicious light literature of the boulevards, and grow up with no inclination for other than vicious amusements.

Thirdly, M. Reichel admitted that the distractions of Paris militated against proper training. They are so many and so easy to find that the man who will honestly set himself to avoid them must have indeed a strong will.

The extraordinary popularity of cycling is also an adverse circumstance for Rugby football to combat. Cycling can be pursued by the average Parisian without any calls for moderation upon his ordinary fashion of life, and cycling can also be pursued in the companionship of the divine sex. There has also been a tremendous opposition on the part of the press, which annually revives when the statistics of accidents appear in the *Lancet*. This, however, is gradually dying out.

Despite these formidable obstacles, French footballers go rejoicing on their way, and the great *Exposition* of this year is to see an enormous life-sized painting of a match in progress. Considering the progress that has been made in the few years since the game was first started, the committees of the *Stade Français*, the *Racing Club*, the *Olympique*, the *Cosmopolite*, and twenty odd minor organisations, are fully justified in anticipating a time when France shall have a "national game," and that game be Rugby football.



AN APRIL BIRTHDAY

WHAT are April songs, lass,
If you do not sing?
Spring to Joy belongs, lass,
And you belong to Spring.
But every bird is sadness
If your voice lacks gladness—
What are April songs, lass,
If you do not sing?

What are happy skies, lass,
If your face be grave?
Flowers were in your eyes, lass,
Ere the sun grew brave,
Ere the land, with pleasure,
Yielded hidden treasure—
What are happy skies, lass,
If your face be grave?

There is no delight, lass,
If you be not glad:
Spring's afraid of blight, lass,
And April's heart is sad.
And I, who love you dearly,
Cry to you, as yearly—
"There is no delight, lass,
If you be not glad."



OUR VILLAGE STREET

Sidelights on Somersetshire

No. I.—OUR VILLAGE

WRITTEN BY "GLENAVON." ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



HAVE often wished that a Miss Mitford or a J. M. Barrie could be found to do justice to the manifold natural beauties of our village, and to enforce its claims to public recognition on the grounds of historic interest.

But alas! we have no such native talent, and I have taken upon my all-unworthy self the task of writing this brief account of a little-known corner of Somersetshire. One qualification for the work I certainly do possess, and that is the right of one who loves. It was a feeble myth which represented the little winged god as *blind*, for indeed love—in proportion to its degree—endows the lover with a keener insight, a deeper knowledge, a diviner intuition than that which can be attained by the common herd. The

captious critic may, it is true, have the vigilant eyes of a hawk for imperfections—but in the discernment of hidden beauties, only where criticism ends, does real knowledge begin.

Think you that the hundreds of tourists who pass through our village during the course of a year are displaying great perspicacity when they dismiss Batheaston as a mere suburb of Bath, and deem the place unworthy of their notice? Certainly not, the ugliness of its noisy high road is obvious, indeed obtrusive, yet even this high road has interesting associations, and just accept the guidance of an old inhabitant in the grassy bye-ways, you shall not be disappointed.

I was once gravely informed (by one who lives in the place, and should have known better) that there was nothing worth photographing in Batheaston;

the illustrations which appear in this article may suffice to contradict that statement, and for the rest let me cull a few facts from various sources about the village that I love, disclaiming at the same time any sort of originality in their treatment, my part being only that of a string on which a necklet of beads is threaded.

In the Saxon times the whole of this parish (including Amoril, and St. Catherine's) was called Estone, afterwards spelt Eastone, and latterly vulgarised into Batheaston, which ugly compound word is as disagreeable to a fastidious ear as is sweet champagne to a cultivated palate—and equally suggestive of "Suburbiana." In those early days the manor belonged to the King, but during the reign of Norman William it was divided, part being reserved by the King and part given to the Church of Bath. In the following reign (about the year 1092) John de Villula, the then bishop of Bath, conveyed the greater part of his portion to the Abbey of St. Peter at Bath, and there having been some controversy between the Prior of the Abbey and the Vicar concerning the tithes, it was arranged that the Vicar should take certain tithes and also have a dwelling-house situated near the church, with a competent garden and curtilage. Of the house of that day—or even of the church,—nothing remains, but the garden and curtilage are still the freehold of the Vicar for the time being. Thanks to frequent "restorations," Bath-Easton Church has to-day but little architectural merit, save that it is large and well proportioned, its chief glory being an untouched perpendicular tower of a type not uncommon in Somersetshire, and of which that county is justly proud. One hundred feet skywards it soars majestically, and its fine pierced parapet, its pinnacles, its turrets, and its quaint gurgoyles are silhouetted on cloudless days against the blue vault of heaven with wonderful distinctness and purity of outline. At the sunset hour of a summer's day this tower has its psychological moment; always lovely, it is then transfigured, and becomes typical of our highest aspirations; almost it seems a Presence on such occasions, to one

keenly susceptible to outside influences. The porch, which belongs to the same architectural period as the tower, is also pleasing, and though it was removed during the alterations of 1868 and replaced a few feet further south it has not suffered greatly in the process. When it is said that the north aisle was built in 1834, that date will suffice to indicate the poverty of the design, for Gothic as understood by the builders of those days, was a thing to make angels weep! Internally some admirable carved oak of modern workmanship and the stained glass by Hardman, of Birmingham, are worthy of notice, while one coloured window exists, one might suppose, solely to serve as an object lesson on what should be avoided in the treatment of stained glass. Crude in colour, inartistic in drawing, pictorial, and opaque—everything in short that a church window should not be—that well-meaning memorial is.

The church-yard is a peaceful spot, well laid out, and well-cared for, as a garden of sleep ought ever to be. Here lies—beneath a delicately-carved cross of white marble—the father and one brother of the well-known Robertson of Brighton. Captain Frederick Robertson spent the last years of his life in the parish of Bath-Easton, at his son's residence, and that son (Struan) raised to his memory with the help of friends and parishioners, a worthy memorial in an organ chamber built for the reception of a new organ by Sweetland in 1875. The old man's one weakness was a pardonable pride in the fame of his son, the earnest-minded eloquent preacher who died, in the very prime of life, at a moment of stress and struggle when the church could ill spare so shining a light. Who could then have prophesied that his influence would be to-day—after a lapse of over forty years—as far-reaching and as potent as ever, but "God's ways," as S. Wayman says, "never end in a *cui-de-sac*."

The Parish Registers of baptisms, marriages and burials commence in 1634, in the reign of Charles I, and the first entry is as follows;—

"Charity the daughter of Anthony England and Joan his wife was baptised the 17th of June."

The first register book is very regularly kept down to the year 1642, when the civil war began; then—no doubt in consequence of the disordered state of the country, and of all rectors and vicars being soon after expelled from their parsonage houses—the registers were neglected. For the twelve years following, the entries are very few, and made with no attempt at order.

The bells are six in number, the fourth being of singular beauty both of design and tone, it is a pre-Reformation bell. Its inscription is a Latin hexameter

Walters, etc. The churchwardens of that date appear to have been William Horsington and William Harward.

In the museum of the Somersetshire Archaeological Society* there are three trade tokens which were issued by parishioners of Bath-Easton, and on which are the following names and inscriptions:—

"(1) Richard Harford: device, a mermaid; reverse Batheston, 1667. R.I.H.

"(2) James Pearce, Mercer: The Mercers' Arms: reverse, In Bathestone. J.I.P.



ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST, BATH-EASTON

From Photo by W. HINDS

verse:— "✠ *Virginis: Egregie: Vocor: Campana: Mariæ*"; which may thus be rendered:—"Mary's the all-excelling Virgin's Bell I'm called." The other five bells are of later date, and have no particular interest attaching to them.

The churchwarden's accounts commence in the year 1661, being the 6th year of King Charles II. For the first six years the total of the receipts only is entered, but in the year 1672 there is a list of the ratepayers, and the amount paid by each. In this list appear the names of Fisher, Whittington, Blanchard, Bullock, Lewis, Fry, Mr.

"(3) Eldad Walters: a merchant's mark between E and W; reverse. In Bath Eastone. E.M.W."

Note the three different ways of spelling Bath Easton, all differing from the form now in use.

These facts, interesting as they undoubtedly are to the archæologist, may not be acceptable to the general reader, so I will pass on to a rather amusing account of church services as conducted in our village about the year 1835. I quote from an article, signed J.W., in the *Parish Magazine*, December 1890.

* At Taunton.

"The pews were high, so that the occupants could scarcely see out, and when seated you only saw rows of heads and bonnets: when it was time to stand up I was perched on a hassock, the instability of which often caused me to fall with a crash among the umbrellas in the corner of the pew, much to my discomfort and the disturbance of my neighbours. The pulpit was what was known as a three-decker; at the bottom sat Mr. Bell, the clerk, in the stiffest of white chokers that rendered turning his head an absolute impossibility; above him in the reading desk was the curate, Mr. Nursey, and above him, in black Geneva gown, the Vicar, Mr. Spencer Madan.

The men sat on one side of the aisle, the women on the other; the organ was in the gallery, which occupied the west end of the church; when the organ played the congregation turned round and faced it, and when the singing was over, turned back again to their former position; this revolving congregation had a curious effect.

The majority of the men wore smock frocks, and the women, in wet weather, pattens, which they took off in the porch and brought into church with them. They formerly left them in the porch, under the stone benches, but some truant boys had on one occasion mixed the pattens while the old ladies were at their devotions, so that the exit of the congregation was much obstructed and the people inconvenienced thereby.

There was a door into the chancel, and all the very grand ladies and gentlemen used to come into the church that way instead of by the big door, as it was considered more genteel. How strange it seems never to see marks of the patten rings on the footpath; then the ground looked as if the whole village was learning Euclid, and drawing problems in the mud.

The lighting was not brilliant; standards with two branches holding candles were planted at intervals about the church; the candles were never snuffed, and as the service advanced, a cauliflower-like excrescence formed, materially interfering with the light. Those in front of the pulpit were, from

motives of economy, never lit until just before the sermon; sometimes the clerk had to struggle with a refractory wick which, being damp, spluttered and obstinately refused to light; the interest the congregation took in these little combats was intense. The majority of the old ladies brought lanterns with them; these were taken into the pews and blown out, so that there was a generally pervading odour of tallow in the church. At the end of the service the candles were relit, and it was a strange sight, all these lanterns bobbing and flitting about the road as though a flight of fireflies had suddenly taken wing. At Christmas clumps of evergreen were tied to each of the branches; this was the usual style of decoration. Once some ladies tried to introduce some flowers as well, but the Squire thought this savoured of Popery, and it was sternly repressed."

Now-a-days all this is altered, Mr. Madan's successor (the Rev. T. P. Rogers), during an incumbency of thirty-six years, gradually and quietly introduced many reforms in the parish, and not before they were needed. To him we owe the present schools, the new south aisle and chancel of the church, to say nothing of a lasting debt of gratitude for his self-sacrificing life, his zeal as a churchman, and the high ideal which, ever in practice as in precept, he set before us. If I add that his "Popish" innovations were condemned with the bitter invective of narrow-minded partisanship, and that he had to encounter much keen opposition from certain silly sheep of his flock, it is only to say, in other words, that he was a pioneer.

Such men sow—often in anguish of soul—that which others reap with careless complacency.

Close to the church are two Seventeenth Century houses, one of which (the residence of H. B. Inman, Esq.) has been untampered with; time has but added a glorious mantle of ivy and ampelopsis to the grey stone walls, so that it remains a typical English home of bye-gone days, while the other—its senior by two years—has been altered to suit modern ideas of comfort, so that the date 1670 and the steeply-pointed gables

alone prove its antiquity. It, however, still possesses the sturdy oaken beams, *in situ*, which barred both front and garden doors; and beside which solid and simple contrivance our iron locks of to-day seem inadequate and paltry.

Mrs. Marshall, in one of her stories ("Her Season in Bath") speaks of a house in Bath-Easton which was in the years 1771 and 1772 the scene of some rather fashionable gatherings. It will be remembered that during the Eighteenth Century Bath was at the zenith of its fame. The Villa was then the property of Sir John Miller, a scion of an old Scottish family, one of whose ancestors had fought at Flodden. A series of garden-parties was given by Lady Miller, at which she introduced a French amusement called "*Bouts rimés*." A list of words were given out which rhymed to each other, and which were to be filled up in metre by the following Friday. These poetical effusions were placed in a vase erected in one of the small temples in the grounds, drawn out indiscriminately, and read aloud by one of the gentlemen present.

The vase was a genuine antique,* found at Frascati, in Italy, near the spot where is supposed to have stood the *Tusculanum* of Cicero. The merits of the different verses were discussed, and the winner received the prize, a wreath of myrtle, from the hands of the fair hostess. Amongst the persons present at these literary (?) gatherings were the Marquis of Caermarthen, Sir Charles Sedley, the Duchess of Northumberland, Lord Palmerston, Admiral Keppel, David Garrick, Charles Anstey, and many others then well known in the fashionable world. The following are selected specimens of some of these verses which were subsequently published in two little vols., now rare:—

Marcia has a snowy
Marcia smiles, her heart's at
Marcia's fair amongst the
Marcia is the Muse's
Marcia's sweet as blooming
Marcia's bright as summer's
Marcia thinks not of
Marcia thinks of joy and

breast,
rest,
fair,
care,
May,
day,
hereafter,
laughter.

(Written on Miss Pitt.)

To visit fair Miller I grudge not my time,
And I wish I could say all I think in good

I rose very early for fear of rhyme.
And set off for Bath-easton with four delays,
nimble bays.

So I hope she'll accept of my visit with pleasure,

And return me the compliment when at her leisure.

(By Mr. Laroche.)

The pen which now I take and brandish
Has long lain useless in my standish
Know ev'ry maid, from her in patten
To her who shines in glossy satin.
That could they now prepare an oglio
From best receipt of book in folio,
Ever so fine, for all their puffing,
I should prefer a buttered muffin.
A muffin Jove himself might feast on,
If eat with Miller at Bath-easton.

(The Duchess of Northumberland.)

It will be seen that the poems were distinctly feeble, and it is not surprising that Garrick should have thus satirised the whole entertainment, the vase speaking—

For Heaven's sake bestow on me
A little wit—and that would be
Indeed an act of Charity.

Horace Walpole, in one of his letters, says: "You must know that near Bath is erected a new Parnassus, composed of three laurels, a myrtle tree, a weeping willow, and a view of the Avon, which has been now christened Helicon. They hold a Parnassus fair every Thursday, give out rhymes and themes, and all the flux of quality at Bath contend for the prizes. A Roman vase, dressed with pink ribbons and myrtles, receives the poetry, which is drawn out every festival; six judges of these Olympic games retire and select the brightest composition, which the respective successful acknowledge, kneel to Mrs. Calliope (Miller), kiss her fair hand, and are crowned by it with myrtle with—I don't know what. You may think this a fiction or exaggeration. Be dumb, unbeliever!—the collection is printed, published—yes, on my faith! There are *bouts rimés* on a buttered muffin by Her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland."

Another of our historic houses is that now occupied by Col. Blathwayt; it was built by John Wood (the elder). An eagle in stone is on the pediment,

* This vase, found at Frascati in 1769, is now in the Bath Park.

and the house possesses many of the characteristics of Wood's style. Wood was a self-made north-country man, he died in Bath (Queen's Square), May 23rd, 1754. John Wood, the younger, completed the Circus (Bath), which his father designed; he was the architect of Camden Crescent, and also built the Royal Crescent.

The Manor House (now the residence of Charles Harper, Esq.) was once occupied by the great philanthropist William Wilberforce, on one of his frequent visits to this neighbourhood. He arrived there on September 3rd, 1803. He was wont to say that he always found more to do at Bath than anywhere else; no doubt this arose from the fact that he was more disposed to work, because Bath suited him better than any other place.

Bath-Easton Mill, on the Avon, has no architectural pretensions, and would certainly not attract the attention of any casual visitor to the village. It, however, occupies the site of a very ancient structure, and into its southern wall are built some fragments of Norman sculpture. One is said to represent the

good and bad spirit striving for a soul; the other the scourging of our Lord. There is part of a stone covered with the interlacing ribbon pattern that was common at that date, and also a typical Norman capital in good preservation.

Here, where a handsome stone bridge of several arches now connects our village with its *vis-à-vis* Bathampton (formerly known as Hampton, and so called locally to this day), there was originally a picturesque ferry. This, with the foaming weirs, and the old mill on the opposite side of the river, was a favourite subject with artists; many pictures of it must be in existence. I have secured a capital photo of Hampton Mill as it appears after snow; this will give some idea of the charm of the Somersetshire Avon, which, though less impressive than its classic namesake in the Midlands, has nevertheless a quiet beauty all its own. I well remember as a child being immensely interested in the divers who were employed to lay the foundation of the new bridge in 1872. From the point of view of the artist, one must regret the disappearance of the more primitive mode of transit, but in the old days,



HAMPTON MILL.



SIGN OF THE LAMB AND FLAG, BATH-EASTON

people driving high-mettled horses must have experienced considerable difficulty, and incurred some risk, when they wished to visit friends on the other side of the river, particularly on dark nights.

To "our village" belongs the beautiful little hamlet of St. Catherine's, whose church dates from the Norman era, and whose dear old Elizabethan house (known as the Court) has been pictured and described so often that it must be familiar to many of my readers. The walk to St. Catherine's whether the route chosen be by the lane or the field footpath, is surely one of the loveliest in the west country. But I may be prejudiced; that valley holds for me so many happy memories from the early days when I bucketed my small white pony up and down those switch-back inclines with the absolute fearlessness, and consequent immunity from danger which belongs only to childhood and ignorance.

Just behind Batheaston is the curious and interesting tableland known as Little Solsbury, which was one of the most important of ancient British camps. Some go so far as to say that Solsbury was once a city, and that Bath was colonised by a migration therefrom; but that it was the *Arx* or "burg" of the Avon valley and of the city of Sul is I suppose beyond dispute.

Two Roman roads run through the parish, the old *Fosse*—little more than

a lane—which enters Somerset six miles from Bath, passes over Banagh Down to Batheaston, and there joins the dusty high road so frequently anathematised by hot and thirsty cyclists. Let me tell you that this is no other than the great *Viâ Badonica* which goes direct from Bath to Marlboro'.

"Not only was the Bath road," says Peach, in his "*Street Lore of Bath*," "the most famous, but the earliest, of all public roads in the kingdom, renowned moreover for its hostleries, and its splendid teams. At one end of it, it must be remembered, was 'the Bath.' To 'the Bath,' as it was till quite lately called, jaded authors and other literary wild-fowl rushed to roused sedentary livers. Down this part of the road many first-rate whips who are now, let us hope, driving in august procession by the Styx, exercised their superlative craft; notably, Izaak Walton—not he of fishing fame—but the *Mæcenas* of whips, the Braham of the Bath road, who could pick a fly off his leader's right eye-lid with all the friendly dexterity discovered by Mr. Vincent Crummies and others of almost equal fame. These merry days were threatened with extinction, when the first turf of the G.W.R. was turned, and when the end came, then came also the close of the most interesting feature in England's social life. The scenes in Bath from day to day were full of frolic, animation, and fun. The coach proprietors who for a century 'ruled the road' affected to care little for the iron horse, but when the great transition came, they found that horse flesh and blood could not compete with the 'leviathan of steam,' which not only excelled all physical power which travelled on four legs, but exhausted the breeches-pocket power of the most



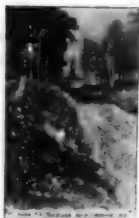
VILLAGE STOCKS

plucky of plucky coach proprietors. The G.W.R. line throughout, between London and Bristol, was opened for traffic on the 30th of June, 1841. This was the beginning of the end. The age of poetry gave way to that of prose. Utilitarianism reigns supreme, and Arcadia is rapidly disappearing. Who would be a retrogressionist? And yet sometimes when my nerves are tortured with the raucous noises which proceed from the Bath road, and which ascend with merciless distinctness to my open window (for we are divided only by a carriage drive and a narrow belt of elms, hollies, and firs from this famous highway), I could find it in my heart to wish

that I had lived in the good old coaching days before 'buses' and 'bikes' were born or thought of, or, better still, that I had been one of those ancient Romans who drove along this self-same road in their two-wheeled chariots. Think of standing up in a quadriga, giving the mettlesome steeds their heads—nay urging them on with voice and hand for a mad merry spell, with reckless audacity! To taste thus the exhilaration of pace, to hear the thunder of those rushing hoofs, to enjoy but for one brief hour the beauty of an unspoiled England, one might well sacrifice a year from the humdrum, unlovely life of to-day!"



THE STRANGE EXPERIENCE



OF TWO TRAVELLERS.

WRITTEN BY CHRIS. FLEETWOOD.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. FAIRHURST.

THE road the traveller had come by had passed between exquisite valleys and woods. The memories of these were still fresh and sweet in his mind, and his thoughts travelled regretfully backwards, as his eyes wandered over the next stage of his journey.

It was very uninviting.

Behind him the white highway vanished among the scattered trees which for some time had been warning him that open country was near at hand. In front of him it wound across wide plains of treeless pasture-land, forging for miles ahead in visible dusty nakedness under the gloomy sky. There was something immodest in the way it stretched and stretched itself along, to the eye but lately come from the hidden windings of a mountain road, that had slipped continually through deep woods and under hanging hills for the last ten miles.

Every now and again a sudden whirling, rising smoke on the plain marked where a hot breeze travelled, miles away.

The man, who had fared far under a sultry sky that day, shifted his knapsack and sighed wearily; then turned about and surveyed the inn before which he had come to a halt. Doubt and distaste deepened in his eyes.

It stood immediately on the highway, and presented a square loneliness of appearance, like some lost, thick-hided creature resignedly squatting for the night. The dust of months of drought and wind lay thick upon it, and the narrow strip of withered grass between it and the road, the stunted shrubs and wooden fence, the old house with its swinging shutters, alike were clouded in uniform dreariness. It was a depressing sight, and the traveller, who had but recently realised that he must be a good ten miles out of his right road, stood irresolute.

But there was no other sign of a human habitation far or near, and it was imperative that he should find the shelter of a roof before the last light slipped out of the sky, and left the world to the gloom of the threatening night that was closing swiftly down. To be caught by the storm in the middle of the plains was a mishap he could not risk. Six miles of that naked highway, and he would reach the little town of Verdin, which sits like a cheery peasant among the pleasant hollows of the hills, and babbles of brooks and water-mills all day. Thence he might speedily regain his right road.

But could he do it before the storm broke?

Even as he hesitated, a strange moan-

ing sound rose from the plains, and the next instant the storm wind rushed upon him with a suddenness that moved him a step before he could check himself. In a minute he was the centre of a whirling *mêlée*, in which the dust rose to the clouds, the shutters clapped and swung and clapped again, and the great ill-painted sign screamed on its rusty hinge above the door. The traveller clutched his hat with his hand, and stood with head bent and eyes closed in irritated endurance.

Then as suddenly as it had risen the wind fell; the dust settled, the swinging shutters flapped once and hung still, and the hot silence, as soundless and as terrible as the white-heat anger of a woman, reigned again. But the traveller needed no second warning. With long strides he reached the door, and, barely pausing for the courtesy of a knock, lifted the latch and entered. None too soon! For the wind rose howling again even as he did so, and, forcing him violently forward, snatched the door out of his hand and slammed it behind him with a report that shook the house.

He recovered himself with a breathless apology, and instantly paused, struck into sudden wonder by his surroundings.

He found himself on the upper of two high steps which formed the threshold of an old kitchen that was let deeply into the very foundations of the house. It lay below him, cool, dark, and clean. The blue china, the old dressers, the wide fireplace, the great carved press, the oaken chairs and the long table, shone in the yellow stormlight with the rubbings of industrious ages. From the dark beams in the low ceiling hung hams and herbs and strings of Spanish onions. A long, deep latticed window, let into the opposite wall, showed, by the width of its sill, how solid had been the building of the house. Another little window, near the door, gave on to the high road.

The place was wrapt in the deepest peace, which seemed to have for its centre the sleep of a woman who sat in an old settle by the further window, her head against the high carved back, and her hands in her lap. Her serene breathing reached the traveller's ear,

and he saw her bosom rise and fall in steady cadence. Her hair grew from its straight parting in the abundant red-gold ripples with which the Venetian painters loved to dower their women, and the light from the further window lay on the the top of its narrow silken waves. The traveller perceived that she was beautiful, and he involuntarily held his breath lest he should disturb her peace. At the same moment he was seized with fresh wonder at the deepness of her sleep. She had not even been roused by the noise of his sudden entrance. The storm-wind, though it sounded far away by reason of the thickness of the walls, was raging once more outside, and it shook the latticed panes till they rattled again; yet the woman never stirred. No sound came from any other part of the house. From the upper step, his back against the door, the man stood looking, and the woman sat sleeping, and the wind fell again, and the darkness grew and grew till the blackness of deep night invaded the corners of the old room, and crept across the floor, and rose up behind the furniture.

The traveller gazed round him with keen eyes that lost no detail of his surroundings. Then he drew a deep breath, half impatient, half amused. He was not one to undervalue unusual impressions, but he was painfully aware of bodily weariness, and of a sense of oppression and unwilling expectation, which strained his nerves to snapping point, and which he attributed to the surcharged condition of the atmosphere. Apparently he and the woman were alone in the house. He had better wake her before the storm broke. It was with a half smile at the sense of an unwonted situation that he descended the steps, and started to cross the uneven red floor.

Before he was half-way, he stopped, and gave an involuntary exclamation. The room was suddenly filled with a flaring light, which remained for a full ten seconds, flickering wickedly.

He stood transfixed. Through the latticed panes he saw miles upon miles of plain, lit in a fierce blaze that revealed every blade of grass. There was a curious greyness in the light.

The skies lay black above, and ragged white lengths of thin cloud whirled like smoke across their unspeakable gloom, at a great rate of speed.

The next instant he found himself staring into a blackness darker than the darkest night, and at that moment, with a shock beyond even the apprehension of the straining mind, that sought desperately to prepare itself, the storm burst. The old house strained and groaned like a ship at sea, the shutters clapped with fury, the windows shook till the plaster fell in showers, the driving, screaming rain hissed in white sheets across the plains and roared on the roof, the lightning blazed and fell and struck again, like an infuriated animal, the thunder crashed out into the echoing heavens with a continuous roar, till the whole world seemed to be rocking in its vibrations.

The traveller felt his way back to the steps, and sat down on the lower one, with his head in his hands. The alternating glare and darkness caused his eyes severe pain, and he could see nothing. The woman had made no sound that he was aware of; he concluded she must be paralysed with terror. Asleep she *could* not be.

He did not remember ever having heard such continuous and tremendous thunder, and he felt with interest that his knees were shaking under him from sheer excitement, and his nerves strained to an extraordinary pitch of uneasiness. Suddenly he was aware of another sound, and he started upright to listen. Now he caught it, now he lost it again, now it grew steadily on his ear. Some one was running rapidly down the road outside! To his excited perception there was something horrible in the unsteady, flying footsteps, that travelled so fast through the storm. When it became evident that they were making for the door, he sprang to his feet, and as he did so a blaze of lightning revealed to his startled eyes the back of the settle, and the face of the woman on it still wrapped in slumber by the window. The sight was so extraordinary that he gasped. Simultaneously the door was flung open behind him, and, with a strange mingling of the roar of the thunder, the shriek

of the rain, and the shout of a human voice, a dark figure tumbled headlong into the house.

The great door swung backwards and forwards once, then closed with a crash between the kitchen and the tumult outside it.

Pitch darkness reigned again. During the pause which ensued there came a sudden lull in the storm, and the traveller heard the even breathing of the woman and the hard gasping of the new-comer, as he gathered himself up.

Then a voice said breathlessly, out of the darkness near him:

"Is any one there?"

"I am," said the other.

He heard the man start. Then came an impatient demand—

"What on earth are *you* doing? Are you the landlord? Can't you strike a light? Where, in Heaven's name, have I got to?"

The traveller explained the situation as far as he could, and when he had finished the other said, with a sudden laugh:

"Well, I'm glad there's two of us, and both Englishmen, or I'm mistaken. This is a queer start! Were you caught in the storm?"

"Got in just before," said the first traveller briefly.

"Gad! good for you," said the other, with an excited shudder; "I was caught, man—caught out there in the open, by Gad! in as bad a storm as I ever hope to see on earth or any other place. I knew what was coming, I'd been racing full pelt for half an hour before it broke; racing the damned storm, by Jove! Ugh, I tell you it got on my nerves. When I saw this place, I yelled like a mad 'un."

"Where are you going?" asked the first traveller.

"Coming from Verdin to Blaise. Suppose you're doing just the other thing? I've never been this route before." He paused, and added:

"Couldn't think where I'd got to when I fell in here, down those two blasted steps into the dark. But it's a roof at least, thank the Lord!—a roof from that storm, and I'll ask nothing more for a little while. But, I say, we can't sit here all night like a couple of

owls. Is there no one else in this God-forsaken place?"

"No one that I've heard sign or sound of, except a sleeping woman."

"A *what*?"

"A sleeping woman."

"Where is she?" said the other, with a laugh.

"In this room," said the traveller.

He laughed at the sudden silence that followed.

"In this room?" said the new-comer in a half whisper.

"That's what I said," said the first traveller. "If you're quiet a minute, you'll hear her."

They both held their breath, and listened intently. Across the kitchen came the slow rise and fall of the even breathing by the window. The first traveller knew when the other had caught the sound by his sudden start.

"Gad!" he said under his breath, "How queer it sounds! Was she here when you came? Why didn't you wake her?"

"I was just starting to try when the storm broke."

The other clearly experienced another shock.

"Is she sleeping through *this*?"

"It seems so."

"Man, she's *dead*! or drunk?"

"Neither dead nor drunk! I saw her in the lightning just as you came in. She's sleeping like a baby."

"What's she like?" asked the other.

An impulse of reticence made the traveller hesitate. He had not yet seen the other's face.

"Can't say," he replied evasively.

"You don't grasp a woman's features very clearly when you only see them by lightning."

"That's so," said the other. There was a short silence. Thick darkness reigned outside, and a great stillness.

"The storm's dying down," said the traveller.

"Not a bit of it," said the new-comer.

"The worst is yet to come. There's not *one* storm, there's a dozen gathered for a war-dance on that blessed ball-room out there—and I was in the midst of it, by Gad!"

"Well," said the traveller, "there's no sense in sitting here in the dark, is

there? Have you a match on you? I haven't."

The other felt for his matches, took them out, and tried to strike one. It spluttered and went out with a fizz.

"Confound it!" he ejaculated, "the box is soaked clean through. What are we going to do now?"

"I'll forage for a light," said the traveller; "I know the lay of the place, I think."

He started cautiously round the room; feeling over the dressers and shelves he passed on his journey, and at last with a triumphant shout touched a box of matches, high on the shelf over the fireplace.

"Hush, you idiot," said the man by the door, hastily clambering to his feet. "You'll wake the—at least, no, I suppose you won't. I beg your pardon."

"All right," said the first traveller, with a laugh. "Now then, hurrah for a fire and food."

He struck a match as he spoke, and held it over his head. It flared up in the silent room, revealing it suddenly.

"Jove, what a ripping old place!" said the other, looking round. Then he started—"Hullo, there's the lady!" At that instant the match went out.

"Light another, man; light another," he ejaculated in a loud excited whisper. "I've had enough of this beastly dark. What's the *matter* with her, anyway?"

The first traveller lit a candle that stood on the shelf, and set it on the table. The other snatched it up, and catching his companion by the shoulder, advanced with him cautiously towards the window.

"By Jove!" he whispered, with a long breath.

But his companion said nothing. He stood looking down at the figure and face in the settle, noting the details of colouring and form in silence.

The woman was in a gown of coarse butcher-blue cotton that fell in straight folds about her feet; the oak of the old settle behind her was black with age. Her hands were hidden in a cloth, in which they were loosely twisted together in her lap. Her dark lashes lay motionless on the faint, smooth colour of the slightly hollowed cheeks; the parted springing thickness of her red-

gold hair was uncovered by cap or kerchief, and wherever the light caught the curve of a ripple or coil, on head or neck, or round the half-hidden ears, it glinted with the colour of new-beaten copper.

The set calm of the statuesque, gentle face was indescribable.

"Look here," said the second traveller suddenly, "it seems beastly insulting to stand and stare at her like this when she doesn't know it. I'm going to wake her up." Suiting the action to the word, he touched her shoulder.

"Mademoiselle," he said.

No answer. He shook her slightly, and, stooping down, called aloud in her ear. Her hands, shaken by the movement, fell a little apart, and the quick eyes of the first traveller caught the gleam of gold just above a fold of the cloth on the left one.

"Not Mademoiselle, *madame*," he said with a smile. "Leave her alone, man. Come away. It's useless."

"But where's her husband?" said the second traveller blankly.

"Ask me another," said the first slowly, his eyes still on the sleeping face. "He's not where he ought to be, that's fairly certain."

"But what are *we* going to do?" said the other.

"Get ourselves some food and a fire," said the first traveller shortly, "and lie by it till the storm is over."

"But she'll be frightened out of her wits if she wakes and finds us here."

"We must risk that. She doesn't look as if she intended waking for the next hundred years, either."

"Is it a catalepsy, do you think?" asked the other in an awestruck tone.

"I've heard of catalepsy; I don't think it's like this," answered his companion.

They both stood looking at her for a moment, then suddenly glanced at each other with a half-smile.

"Well, of all the queer starts," said the one.

"It is rather odd," said the other.

"Shall we explore the house?"

"I refuse to do anything till I've had something to eat. If there is anybody else asleep in this place, they may

slumber till I've had my meal, anyway."

Still preserving the apparently unnecessary precaution of lowered voices and gentle movements, they set to work to lay and light the fire. In a stone-shelved little room leading from the kitchen they found wood and bread and tea and a frying-pan and other necessities, and they bore them in as the need arose, treading softly as they came and went.

The fire blazed up; the kettle sang gaily. They took down a ham, and cut from it generous slices which frizzled and spluttered in the pan. Both of them were handy cooks, like men who, whether from choice or necessity, were accustomed to shift for themselves. The second traveller took off as many of his soaked clothes as he conveniently could, not without uneasy glances at the calm face in the settle, and hung them by the fire. They drew the table near the blaze, not because they were cold, but because they liked the familiar sight and sound. A strange feeling was growing upon them, in spite of themselves. The distant thunder kept up an unceasing roll, seemingly from all four points of the compass at once. It was steadily coming nearer. The woman breathed on serenely by the window.

When the two men had satisfied their hunger, which they did in almost unbroken silence, they pushed the table back, and pulled their chairs nearer to each other.

"I'd give anything for a smoke," said the second traveller in a low voice,

"But my pouch is full of water."

The other held out his silently.

"Dare we?" said his companion.

"Why not?"

"The smell might waken her."

"I wish it would."

They smoked for a few moments in renewed silence, their eyes fixed on the woman. After a while they looked at each other gravely, paused, and then resumed, with their eyes on the fire.

"Is this an inn, after all?" said the second traveller, suddenly pulling his pipe out of his mouth. "Aren't we making some deuced big mistake? It doesn't look like any inn I ever saw, abroad or at home."

"What else should it be?" said the other. "There's the sign."

"That's so," said the first speaker. He continued smoking thoughtfully. Every moment the lightning grew more brilliant. The windows now began to jar faintly in the louder peals of the nearing storm.

"If it wasn't for the fact that we're six miles either way from any other house," said the second traveller, again suddenly breaking the silence, "I'd quit this, roof or no roof."

"I don't think I would," said the other.

"Why not?"

"Like to see a thing out."

His companion eyed him curiously.

"Will you excuse me if I make a guess as to what you are?" he said, after a pause.

"Guess away," replied the other, with a smile; "I'm too jolly glad to have your company to mind anything you say."

"Oh, then you *don't* like this?"

"Don't like what?"

The other waved his pipe comprehensively round the room, carefully avoiding any direct indication of the figure in the settle.

"I can't tell you *why* I don't," said the first traveller, after a minute. "There doesn't seem any adequate reason. A woman asleep is a sight I've seen before, though perhaps not quite under the same circumstances, nor *quite* so fast asleep either! But I *don't* like it, if you want to know. I feel as if something nasty was near me. I can't quite think why."

"Perhaps it's the storm," said the other.

"Perhaps."

Silence fell again.

"Well," resumed the second traveller, "if you're sure you won't think me impertinent, I'd like to make a shot as to what line you're in."

"Fire away," said the first traveller.

"An artist."

"Well, opinion is divided as to that, I believe," said the other, with a laugh, "but it's certainly what I'm trying to be."

"Good, good," said the second traveller, with his genial shout of laughter,

which he instantly checked with a hurried glance at the woman. "On a sketching tour, eh?"

"You're quite right," said the other. "But what makes you think so? I thought I was particularly orthodox as to the hair and collar."

"Bless you, it's only the men that *try* to be artists that need to insist upon it in their greasy heads and necks," said the second traveller, contemptuously. "Men that *are* artists don't bother about the signs of it."

"Still it's odd how the craft of a man stamps him," said the first traveller.

"Yes, sir, when he is a craftsman," said the other emphatically. "Now it's your face, your hands, your eyes, and the way you look at things as if you were busy translating them first to a thought and then to a picture in your mind. I spotted it the minute I laid eyes on you."

"A *thought* first, eh?" said the first traveller.

"So I take it," said the other. "You don't look a Millais sort of painter. You're a Rossetti sort, or a Burne-Jones, or one of that lot. I don't express myself clearly, I know. You're welcome to laugh, but I'd stake ten pounds on it."

"No, no," said the other, "I'm very deeply flattered."

"Only Burne-Jones never got further than illustrating some one else's poems, and the other saw a poem in anything that came handy," went on the second traveller, with tremendous enjoyment—"You're a little—*hullo!*"

A sudden crash interrupted the art critic and warned them both how near the storm was rolling again.

"Jove! it's pretty close," said the second traveller. His face, which during his temporary forgetfulness of his surroundings had grown wondrously contented and cheerful, suddenly resumed its worried expression. He was silent.

"Now it's my turn to guess what you are," said the artist.

"No, no, I'd rather you didn't," said the second traveller, with a dejected shake of the head. "I expect it's clear enough what I am. Oh, I don't deceive myself. But a man may have a soul

above his beastly profession, though no one gives him much credit for it."

The first traveller glanced at his companion, then said, with a steady eye: "You're an author—a writer—aren't you?"

The sudden flash of surprised pleasure on the other's face was reward enough for any one.

"Do you mean to say you would take me for an author?" he said, "I never thought to meet any one—I never hoped—Sir, I *am* an author! Sir, I may almost call myself a poet! There's nothing the poets ever said I haven't answered to, as deep answers to deep. Nature and Nature's God are the only solace of a very uncongenial life, sir; and I'm taking a turn at them now, business being slack. But my profession——" He broke off.

"Many a man has never a chance of showing what is in him *this* journey," said the first traveller. "You'll get your turn the next all right. What are you then, for the time being?"

"I'm a commercial traveller," said the second traveller, humbly.

"Shake hands on that," said the other heartily, touched by his companion's diffidence and simplicity. "I've the——" The two had stretched their hands to each other, when a second roar shook the room, and they simultaneously started back.

"Confound it, is it never going to quiet down?" said the first traveller, with the irritation of a startled man.

"Quiet down! If you and I are alive this next half-hour, we shall see a show the other couldn't hold a candle to. I know this country." The second traveller started to go to the window, then stopped short, remembering.

The two men, reminded suddenly of all that made their situation strange, stood close together for the second time, looking at the woman.

"I've never in all my life seen a more regal face than that," said the artist, in a low voice.

"Nor I, though it isn't saying as much," said the other, "I've not seen many."

"Look here," said the first traveller, suddenly, "I've made up my mind what I'm going to do. I'm going to sketch her, and then I'm going to wake her. Here, hold the light for me. No, here. So. A little more to the right. That's it."

The other silently did as he was bid. His own face, round and fat, indescribably common and kindly, and worn with recent excitement and bodily fatigue, looked down upon the woman with a strange expression of gravity and interest and dislike upon it. It was lit up as strongly by the lighted candle as were the beautiful face and figure in the settle. The artist, as he sketched rapidly, enlarged his original idea. Both unconscious figures were on the page before he finished. He wrote a



"STOOD CLOSE TOGETHER FOR THE SECOND TIME, LOOKING AT THE WOMAN."

hasty line at the bottom, and shut the book with a reckless bang.

"Now I'm going to wake her," he said, shying it across the room on to a dresser. "There's no illness about that sleep. Her colour and skin and breathing are as natural as a baby's. If she *can* be waked, by Jove, she shall be!"

The other watched him silently as he laid two strong hands on the woman's shoulders, and braced himself for a shake that should leave no room for doubt.

But before he could move her, the second traveller sprang forward, as if he could not bear the sight.

"Don't, don't, it's sacrilege," he said, laying an agitated hand on the other's arm. "There's something dreadful in it. Leave her. Let her be. Let her sleep. We'll just stay on an hour or so till the storm is over, and then slip out, and leave the payment on the table. Don't wake her. It may be she'd go mad, or get ill. I've heard they do so if they are waked suddenly from a strange sleep like that. We don't know what happened before we came. Besides, I can't stand seeing her shaken. She'll be so upset, all alone, with two strangers. And then the storm. Where's the use of waking her?"

During this incoherent speech the artist had stood motionless, his eyes on the woman. Now he drew back with a slow look right round the room.

"Very well," he said slowly, "let her sleep. Perhaps you are right. I don't understand it, and I don't like it. But still, there are people liable to be seized by such strange death-like sleep, and I've heard it isn't safe to rouse them suddenly." He turned away and took up the candle.

"Come upstairs," he said, "I'm going to explore the house before I turn in. If there's a bed I'm going to sleep in it. I don't like the idea of becoming unconscious in this room, and don't ask me to explain why, because I can't. Come along."

During their search he insisted on repeatedly revisiting the kitchen. He frankly confessed he did not know why he did so, and on being pressed, grew impatient.

"A fellow can't give an explanation of *all* he does," he said.

Yet he always found the place wrapt in peace, without sound or sign of any change.

The house was empty—exquisitely clean and amply furnished; every room with the same style of old furniture as the kitchen held. In one bedroom there were two beds.

"We'll sleep here together," said the first traveller, and the other made no objection.

They finally re-entered the kitchen, to find the woman still sleeping deeply and all apparently as they had left it. The storm by this time was raging so loudly that they could hardly hear each other speak. They raked out the embers of the fire, set the chairs back, cleared the table, slipped the bolt of the door, and turned to gather up their belongings.

Then the artist made a discovery.

"I left my sketch-book on the dresser, and it's on the floor by the table," he said suddenly.

"You *can't* have," said the other, stopping short.

"I did," repeated the artist, facing his companion with roused eyes. "I threw it across the room. I could swear to it."

With one consent they turned simultaneously and looked at the woman. She was in exactly the same attitude as when they had last looked at her: her bosom rose and fell in the same unhurried rhythm, her faint cool colour was unchanged, her hands were folded loosely in the cloth, one fallen away from the other a little, in the position the second traveller's shake had caused them to assume.

"You *can't* have," said the second traveller, with a sigh of relief. "Ah, now I remember! I'm almost certain I heard something slip behind me when I started forward to stop you. That must have been it."

The first traveller stooped, and slowly picked up his book. "I suppose it was," he said.

Just as they were leaving the kitchen the second traveller stopped the other with a touch.

"Are you perfectly certain," he said

solemnly, "that there is no drug she can have been taking that would produce a sleep like that? Drink, it certainly isn't, at least no drink known to me; but mightn't it be some drug?"

The other shook his head. "Maybe," he said, "I'm not doctor enough to know. I've thought of that possibility, of course, but she seems to be sleeping as wholesomely and lightly as a child, and her breath has no smell. No, it's beyond me!"

"Well, it's a very funny business altogether," said the second traveller, with deep conviction.

They went upstairs to the accompaniment of a tumult that was absolutely indescribable. The thunder shook the house from roof to foundation; the roaring of the rain sounded like the rising and falling roar of flame, the landscape and the interior of the house were alight in a continuous fierce blaze that leapt and darted and leapt again as the lightning ran from quarter to quarter, and flared on the horizon. The two men managed to close the outer shutters and then they drew the white curtains and pinned their coats across them, in a desperate endeavour to keep out the light which blazed through every crack and cranny. Their door proving to have no bolt, they pulled across it a huge oak chest that formed part of the furniture of the room. It made an effectual barricade, for it was so heavy it took their united strength to move it, and then they only did so slowly and with difficulty.

Each man in shamefaced silence laid his cocked revolver by his bed, and looked up to meet the other's eye.

"It seems silly," said the second traveller, with an uncertain laugh. "Two men, two revolvers, and a barricaded door, against one woman, and she asleep."



"A MOMENT'S INTENT LISTENING"

"It may seem what it likes," said the first traveller, getting with determination into his bed. "I prefer it."

The two lay and listened and watched, and spoke to each other from time to time as the hours passed, until at last the storm began to decrease. With the first relief to wearied eye and ear, both, utterly worn out, fell soundly and dreamlessly asleep. It was the second traveller, a constitutionally light sleeper, who woke suddenly about an hour later, and his instantaneous impressions were, first, that the storm was over, secondly, that he had heard some one moving downstairs.

A moment's intent listening convinced him of both these facts, and with one noiseless movement he slipped out of bed and across to his companion.

"Wake up, wake up!" he whispered in his ear. The first touch was sufficient. The artist woke without moving, and had himself instantly under control.

"What is it?" he whispered.

"The woman is awake," said the second traveller. The other sat up in bed, and the two listened intently.

They heard the distant rumble of the

far-off storm and the steady fall of the quiet rain outside—then steps, distinct steps, slow and stealthy, crossing the room below.

Then silence, and a moment after the sudden creak of a board.

"She's coming upstairs," said the artist; "go back and get your revolver."

"She can't get in," said the other.

"She may be able to, if she's mad. Or there may be a man behind her," came the sharp whisper. "Do as I bid you."

The other did so, and came back to his friend.

Both men sat on the edge of the bed, looking towards the door. The steps ascended the stairs with hardly a sound.

Then some one trod stealthily across the landing, and straight to their door.

It flashed across the artist's mind that she must have known what room they were in, for she tried no other. Then she had not been asleep when they came upstairs! He held his breath with the sudden surprising conviction, and at that moment the latch of the door lifted with a faint sound.

Then the door itself was pushed, harder, harder, harder, yet still with the utmost caution. Then silence, and a pause, during which each man heard the other's hard breathing.

Then another still more determined and longer effort, under which the old chest creaked; and after that a longer silence. Then followed a sound as if a board snapped under some one turning on it, and then the stealthy steps descended again.

The second traveller drew a long breath and moved, but the artist gripped his arm heavily. "Listen," he said.

The next moment they heard a bolt slipped back, the door below open and close, and then hurrying steps running outside in the direction of the woods.

With an exclamation both men sprang for the window. When they had torn down the coats and curtains, and opened the window, and unbolted the shutters, the scene outside held no trace of a human presence.

The first grey light of dawn was filtering through the rain. Not far from the house an enormous oak, first

outpost of the Blaise forests on the Verdin plains, stood rent from top to bottom. It had been struck during the storm. The grass and shrubs were green and fresh, the dust was gone, the air came up from the dripping earth with a sweet, light scent.

The two men looked at each other in silence, which the artist was the first to break.

"Come downstairs," he said briefly, and they hurried their clothes on and went downstairs, each still carrying his revolver.

The settle in the kitchen was empty. They had known it would be so, yet it struck both men in an extraordinary manner. So accustomed had they grown to the kitchen with the silent figure by the window, that they could not realise it with no one there. After a pause, in which they stood staring stupidly at the settle, they turned with sudden resolution to the task of exploring.

Through every room, and every press and chest, they searched, leaving no possible hiding-place unexplored.

They found nothing, except dresses and coats and clothes, and all manner of household appliances. The house had clearly been recently lived in, by at least two people, a woman and a man.

That there was mischief somewhere, each was convinced. Yet the more they thought, the more puzzled they grew, for no hypothesis seemed to explain the facts entirely.

They came together in the kitchen again, and faced each other with bewildered eyes.

"Are there any outhouses?" said the second traveller.

"I saw none when I came up," replied the other. "Still, let's go round the house outside. We may find a clue."

One man went to the left, the other to the right.

Scarcely had he turned the corner, before the second traveller heard footsteps flying after him. He faced about abruptly, and the next minute the artist rounded the house.

At once the other saw that he had made some terrible discovery. He rushed to meet him.

The artist clutched at him, staring at him with horrified eyes, and shaking lips that strove in vain to form words. He had been flung beyond all self-control, and could only hold on to the other, and struggle for breath.

"There, there, old chap!" said the second traveller, losing thought of everything, save his friend's condition. "Hold on to me. You'll be all right in a jiffy. Never mind. Don't try to speak for a moment."

But the artist, still with straining eyes fixed on his friend's, still struggling for the speech that would not come, burst into a fit of dry sobs that shook him from head to foot, and terrified the second traveller out of his wits.

There was a water-butt near. It was no moment for half-measures. The second traveller pulled the artist nearer, and putting both his hands in the cold water, palms together, vigorously flung handful after handful up into the other's face. The remedy succeeded. The shock caused the necessary reaction, and with a tremendous shudder the artist pulled himself together, and stood, after a minute, panting but collected. He took hold of the other's arm, and without another word the two men walked round the house together. And what they saw there is soon told.

About a yard from the further corner of the house lay the body of a man, battered and drenched and washed by the fury of the storm. Now the rain was falling softly upon the mutilated sightless face turned up to the sky. His blood had streamed away into the grass: his right hand was slashed almost to pieces. He had clearly been struck first from behind, for the largest stream of blood flowed from beneath his left shoulder. His body was mutilated in a way better left undescribed.

The two men stood looking at him and each other with pallid faces.

"Is he dead?" said the second traveller hoarsely.

"Dead some hours," said the other. "I have looked at him. The horror of it took me while I was kneeling by him." Silence fell again.

"He must have dragged himself round from the back of the house after I was aside," went on the artist with a shaking

voice, "and died here in the night, poor wretch. Look at the tracks on the grass! Otherwise I must have seen him as I came up."

"Died out here alone," repeated the second traveller, "why didn't we hear him?"

"Couldn't have," said the other; "the storm was too loud. Poor chap, he must have——" his voice failed him.

"The woman did it," said the second traveller suddenly, with a strange sound in his voice.

"For God's sake, don't," said the artist.

But the horror which had seized him suddenly was growing on the other's coarser-grained nature with irresistible power, and he could not resist it. He stood swaying, and his voice rose and broke on his sentences.

"The woman did it. She's cut him to bits. She did it before we came. We were with her all night and he was dying outside. She's cut him to bits. We—we——!"

The artist strode over to him and shook him sharply.

"Pull yourself together, man. Don't be a fool. Pull yourself together."

The sense slowly came back to the staring eyes of the other. He passed his hand across them, and groaned, the artist watching him anxiously.

"Come away, old chap," he said, putting an arm round him; "come away, and let's think what we ought to do."

The two went into the kitchen. At the sight of the empty settle, the second traveller sank into a chair with a strong shudder.

But the artist, once himself, did not easily again give way. He stood looking round. The place was filled with the dawn light, white and clear and chill. All at once, acting on some sudden impulse, he went over to the settle, and, stooping down, looked under it.

He rose with a sharp exclamation that brought the other to his feet also.

"What have you found?" he asked, with a shaking voice.

"This," said the artist. He held up a long blood-stained knife. "It was under her chair. It must have been there all the time. Odd, what a sick

feeling the thought of it brings one. And — ah — ugh! — look here."

He pointed to the floor, and the other came over to him with faltering steps.

From the settle to the door were the marks of dry blood, as though the corner or edge of a wet skirt had swished its track upon the bricks as its owner moved hastily along.

The artist heard a strange sound behind him, and turned sharply round. He was just in time to catch the other in his arms. He had fainted.

When the second traveller came to himself, he was lying outdoors in front of the house, his head on a rolled-up coat. The artist was holding a glass of *vin-ordinaire* to his lips, and watching him with anxious eyes.

"Drink it, old chap," he said, and the second traveller did so obediently.

Then he sat up dizzily.

"Knocked out of time, by Gad!" he said.

"It's the want of sleep and of food, and the long strain and yesterday's exposure, and a hundred other things, that have made us both play the fool like this," said the artist cheerily. "You'll be all right in a moment. Lie still, while I get the things together. As soon as you can walk we'll be off."

"Off," said the second traveller.

"Right off," rejoined the artist. "Off as far and as fast as we can manage."

"Are we going to leave *him*?" asked the other, below his breath.

"What good can we do him by staying?"

"None," said the second traveller, after a moment's hesitation.

"Just so," said the artist. "And we might do ourselves a good deal of harm. There'll be no amusement and precious little credit in being mixed up with a murder case in a foreign country. The justice of France is proverbial, my friend, and I'd rather not risk our necks to the tender emotions of a French jury, unless you're very keen on it."

"Our necks?" said the other.

"It might come to that," said the artist. "You and I are alone, the woman has vanished, the man is dead, and judging by appearances, he was a rich man, as Frenchmen go. I don't suppose for an instant that any serious

charge could be sustained against us, but the business might be endless and disgusting. Are you very keen on bringing that woman to justice? I can't say I am, and it would be our only reason for interfering."

"Gad, you're right," said the other. He got unsteadily to his feet. "Let's be off."

"You sit down till you're quite right," said the artist. "I'm going in to get all our things together, and put some money on the table. I don't care to be beholden either to a dead man or a murderess for my night's entertainment, such as it was."

"No, no, no," said the other with a shudder. The artist pushed him gently down.

"Rest while you can," he said. "I'll bring you out some food. We've a long day's march before us. We had better not make for either Verdin or Blaise; but I've been studying the map, and half-way across that plain a road strikes south ten miles to Montrail. Are you known there?"

The other shook his head.

"Good. No more am I. We'll join the rail there, and you'll go one way, and I another, till we've put a good hundred miles or so between ourselves and *this*. Our story would be rather an odd one to bring before a jury of any nation, when one comes to think of it."

"It will be days before the thing is discovered," said the second traveller. "Very few people ever come this roundabout way now the new highway is finished. I wish to God I hadn't."

The artist went into the house, and after a little while returned with bread and wine, and their two knapsacks ready packed.

"I can't eat," said the second traveller.

But he did, for there was no resisting the resolution of the stronger spirit.

The artist ate also, and the two sat stuffing the food down till it was finished, though the gorge rose against it.

The second traveller was himself again by the time he had done. He rose to his feet, and shouldered his knapsack. "I'm ready," he said.

They went off in silence. Their eyes

were on the ground, and their thoughts with the dead man round the corner of the house. Neither spoke till they had reached the point where their road diverged from the highway. There they both stopped, and, with a glance at each other, turned and looked back with one consent.

The inn was clearly distinguishable against the background of the woods, standing far away on the white road along which they had just come. The sun was rising above the hills, in the first glory of the dawn. The sky was blue, a rain-washed cloudless blue, and the larks rose round them everywhere above the seeding grasses, singing in thanksgiving after the terrors of the night that was gone.

They stood a moment in silence, looking back with eye and mind.

"There are some points in the thing I can't understand yet," said the second traveller, under his breath.

"There are a good many we never *shall* understand," said the artist. "She was mad. That's all I'm sure of. No sane woman could have sustained such an effort. It takes one's breath away only to think of it. So long! and so motionless! and we staring and touching and talking of her! Good God, it was marvellous! I wonder what she had against him." He stopped abruptly.

"How did she know any one was coming, I wonder?" said the other.

"Saw me through the little window by the door, I suppose," said the artist briefly, "I stood outside some little time."

The other eyed him, longing to conjecture and discuss, yet deterred by the abstracted gravity of his companion's gaze.

"It always takes me so long to puzzle out a thing," he said wistfully, "I suppose you've got it all clear."

"What is it especially that puzzles you?" said the artist, turning friendly eyes upon his companion. "The whole thing's a hopeless puzzle!"

"Well," said the other, "but I can't quite make out what her idea was. Why did she pretend to be asleep? We should have guessed, nothing she did not tell us!"

"She hoped we should go when we couldn't wake her, perhaps," replied the artist. "Or she wanted to murder us while we slept! You see, she can only have just done it, and the excitement and confusion were still on her when I arrived. Or perhaps it was just the insane instinct to deceive. Who knows. We never shall."

"Wanted to murder us!" repeated the other, shuddering. "But she must have come upstairs without that knife you found under the settle."

"Had another, perhaps," replied the artist. "Where is the use of conjecturing." The two were silent once more.

"It seems to me," said the second traveller with hesitation, as though he were not quite sure of his ground, "that things might have turned out rather differently,—in fact, were at the very point of doing so more than once."

"Quite so," assented the artist, rather puzzled by his companion's manner.

"We were, in a way, looked after," continued the second traveller, with a deprecating glance. "I mean, we may say that something, I might almost say, somebody, took measures or rather prevented——" He found himself unable to express his feeling, and stopped.

"Oh," said the artist, "yes, I quite agree with you. I am glad you reminded me. It would be churlish not to recognise it."

He stood in silence a moment, thinking.

"From all the perils and dangers of this night——" he quoted half to himself.

"Amen," said the other, with a pleased solemnity. "That's what I meant."

"But I blame myself very greatly," went on the artist, rousing himself. "I was warned. A man isn't given that persistent feeling of uneasiness for nothing. I've had it before in the presence of danger. I ought to have understood it. Besides, there were a dozen clues I might have followed up."

"You took the precautions that probably saved one of us, if not both, from a horrible death," said the other, with a shudder.

"I might have discovered enough to

prevent us running any such risk," said the artist.

But the second traveller was struggling to convey his conviction to the contrary. He shook his head.

"Considering the fearful storm outside, which made it impossible to leave the house—and the fact that she was a woman—and we should have had to fight her to overcome her, and perhaps got badly hurt ourselves—and then have been bound to deliver her up—and then got mixed with the whole business," he said, earnestly if disjunctedly—"I don't put it very clearly, but isn't it as well that we *didn't* discover?"

"You are right," said the artist. "As things fell out, we should have had a very poor time if we *had*. I had just warning enough to serve the purpose, and no more. Odd idea, that, but you are probably right." He was struck by the direct commonsense of the view to which the other's simplicity led him. "There's another thing," he went on, "you and I must not lose sight of each other."

The face of the second traveller flushed with gratification.

"*That* had to come from you," he said. "I've been wanting to say something of the sort, but I didn't like to venture. I am quite aware we have little in common, sir, I know who you are."

"Hullo," said the artist, "here's dignity! How in the name of wonder have you guessed that?"

"I suspected it from the first," answered the other, "and this morning I saw your initials on your knapsack. I know your face from photos, and what's more, I know your pictures. You and I move in very different spheres, sir."

"Stow that," said the artist, with sudden irritation.

"What?" said the second traveller.

"*Stow* it," repeated the artist. "Drop that artificial trash, if you want it put plainly. If you like my pictures, and have an especial feeling for my profession, I'm glad, because I can be of more use to you than I otherwise could. I'm not much of a fellow outside my work, God knows. That's the whole damned difference a man's position ought to make. Here's my card. Give me yours, if you

will. You and I are friends, till you see fit to drop me. Shake hands on that."

He held out his hand with a smile that melted any remaining clouds of dignity in which the other had thought to wrap himself.

The two shook hands heartily, and, without a glance behind them, tramped happily on their way.

It was not until they had gone some distance in cheerful discourse that the artist suddenly came to a standstill, with an exclamation.

"What's up?" asked the other anxiously.

"I never thought of my sketch," said the artist, in great excitement. "Here, help me off with my knapsack."

With eager hands they unpacked the book. The artist seized it, turned over the leaves rapidly, and stopped at one with a shout. It was the sketch he had done of the woman and the second traveller, and it was torn half across, though the upper was not completely detached from the lower part of the page. The artist held it up, and the two men looked from each other to the book, and back again, in an impressive silence.

"What does *that* mean?" said the second traveller, with a gasp.

"It means, I suppose," said the artist slowly, "that the woman *did* get up when we were out of the room! She tried to find the sketch of herself and tear it out! It means I was right in thinking I had left it on the dresser. She must have taken it to the light on the table, and heard me returning and had no time to do more than drop it on the floor and get back to her place. Good Lord! to think how near we were a dozen times to discovering." They looked at each other again, then the second traveller said, "Let me see it." He took it in his hands, and both men gazed at it solemnly.

"You drew me, too," said the second traveller, with evident pleasure.

"I did," said the artist.

"It makes rather a good picture," said the second traveller, with a satisfied smile.

"It makes a better picture than you've any idea of, my friend," said the

artist, looking at it with prophetic eyes. "The contrast between your face and hers, your attitude and hers, between the candle-light and the black shadow! It's simply stunning. Wait till I get the colour in! That's only a rough sketch, but it's all in my mind's eye."

Who could think——?" he broke off abruptly.

"It's a magnificent face," said the artist. "I wonder——" and he too paused.

They had again proceeded on their journey, when the artist said, stopping short :



"BUT AH! SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL! HAD MONSIEUR BUT SEEN HER"

He stood absorbed in thought.

The eyes of the second traveller wandered to the woman.

"Gad, she was a beauty," he said, half under his breath. "Her innocent mouth and cheeks! Look at them!

"Do you know one reason why she came upstairs?"

"I guess it," said the other.

"No, not that," said the artist.

"That was one, perhaps, but the other was, she wanted my sketch-book."

"But why should she be so keen on that sketch of herself?" asked the second traveller.

"It *incriminated* her, man."

There was another silence.

"Good Lord! the cunning of it," said the second traveller. "*Can* she have been mad?"

"God only knows!" said the artist.

Then they went safely on their way.

It only remains to be added that from that day to this the thing remains a mystery.

Two years afterwards the artist found himself in the neighbourhood of Verdin, and made a detour in order to spend an hour or two at the old inn there. He found the innkeeper a garrulous, friendly old fellow, willing to discuss all things on earth or in heaven, but on the point of the Blaise murder he could throw no light.

No one knew anything about it.

The body had been found, and the woman was suspected.

It was known that the husband had cruelly ill-treated her. It was believed she had joined a former lover and gone to America, though even that was pure conjecture.

They had been very solitary and unfriendly in their attitude to their neighbours, and living so far from any village, little had ever been known of their private characters, save the one fact that he was a violent man.

Motive and manner alike remained a mystery to those whose business it was to bring the criminal to justice, and the verdict of murder was returned against "some person or persons unknown."

"No proof, no clue, no witness—nothing!" said the old Frenchman, with a dramatic gesture. "But ah! she was beautiful! Had Monsieur but seen her! And she has vanished as though she were dead and buried. It is a mystery. It will remain one."

One man of the only two who could have thrown a little light upon the said mystery sat opposite the old innkeeper as he spoke, but that man said nothing.

He left Verdin an hour later, and when he came to the junction of the old highway with the new, he paused a moment and looked down upon the former winding away in the dusk to the plains below.

"It is a mystery. It will remain one," he repeated.

And though one may conjecture what one will, nothing more of the facts of the case than that which this story sets forth was ever known. They do, indeed, remain a mystery.

But the friendship which began that strange and stormy night knows no decreasing, and the two travellers have tramped many miles together since then, in mutual appreciation and good-fellowship, much to the wonder of their respective circles.



What is a Zanānā Missionary?

WRITTEN BY E. GRANGER.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

“WHO cannot reply to such a simple question in this age of widespread interest in foreign missions!” one can almost hear those well-versed in the subject exclaim. Like Macaulay, those who know, rarely credit others with ignorance.

Nevertheless it is a fact that there are yet many people who have but a vague idea of the *raison d'être* of a zanānā missionary, though there can scarcely be any who are not aware of the existence of such a functionary. And there are not a few, possibly, who associate the name with some dim recollection of a solitary figure silhouetted against the bare wall of an unadorned platform, in a sparsely-filled “small hall,” representing a spinster whose complexion and looks had been somewhat hardly dealt with by time and climate, and whose costume affected the eye as painfully as a photograph taken twenty years ago. With this vision is recalled a thin voice, with a slight accent, reflecting some Eastern tongue, which told of a strange people, and strange habits and customs, and which has left on the mind of the chance hearer an impression that the speaker was engaged in an uninteresting and hopeless undertaking, which, however, had some peculiar fascination for her.

Can it be, that we English are such slaves to the effect of the appearance and general get-up, that we can only be interested when the fastidious up-to-date eye is pleased?

We look doubtfully at the professed old soldier who bears no marks of the battles of which he tells, and we do not

care to engage a servant whose chief thought is to preserve the delicate whiteness of her hands. Then shall we despise these soldiers and servants of our Lord, because they bear the signs of having been engaged in active foreign service? If so, is there not reason to fear that we ourselves are nothing more than inefficient volunteers, if engaged in any service at all.

After six or seven years of hard work in a trying climate, missionaries come home to recruit their health, but the greater part of their furlough is spent in deputation work, which means constant travelling, and the giving of numerous addresses; two or three addresses often being given on the same day.

Is it then surprising if but little time and thought be devoted to external appearances; if sometimes languor and weariness become apparent; if there is not always so much enthusiasm, as we expect, infused into a subject which is only fresh to the hearers?

But what about the “small hall” and smaller audience? Where this is the case, is it not evidence of the languid indifference of Christians at home to the growth of Christ's kingdom? Where a true interest is taken in the work of the Church, which is the spread of the Gospel, there is always a large hall, well-filled, to give the missionary an inspiring welcome; and the sympathy which is *felt* to exist between the speaker and the audience has the double effect of raising the spirit of the former above any physical weakness or weariness to an animated effort, and of quickening the interest of the latter in what they hear. Those who duly appreciate the work, duly honour the worker.

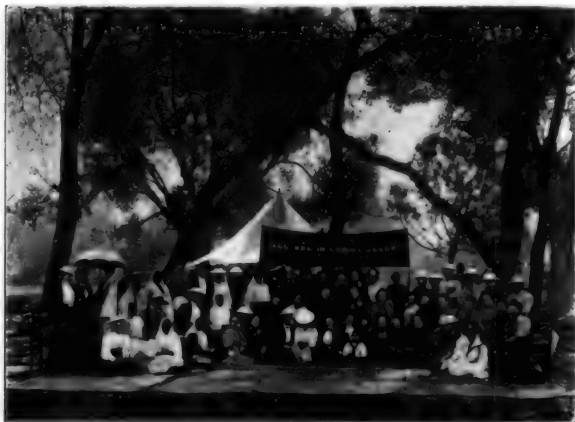
But let us now give the question pertinent consideration.

The word *zanānā* is derived from the Persian word *zan*, a woman, and it is specially applied to that part of an Indian residence which is set apart for the women, though it has a wider significance, and may refer to anything belonging to a woman. Hence a *zanānā* missionary was originally one who visited women in their own homes, and her work was at first confined to the towns.

Since the term originated in India, I

Another explanation which requires to be made is that there is not only one "Zanānā Society," but that numerous societies of the Churches of England, Scotland and America, and of various Nonconformist bodies are engaged in *zanānā* mission work in India, as also the Basle and Moravian Missionary Societies.

In our picture are representatives of a large number of these societies; missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, the Church of England Zanānā



CONFERENCE OF ZANĀNĀ MISSIONARIES

purpose confining my remarks to that country, although all lady missionaries in the various parts of the world are spoken of as *zanānā* missionaries.

The work amongst the women of India has extended in all directions, so that now the term *zanānā* missionary embraces workers of every description, those engaged in work in the *zanānā*, the hospital and dispensary, the school and orphanage, and the home for converts, for widows, or for the blind, both in town and village.

Missionary Society, the Society for Female Instruction in the East (recently merged into the C.M.S. upon the death of Miss Webb), the Zanānā Bible and Medical Mission, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the Baptist Zanānā Mission, the Presbyterian Mission, the American Methodist Zanānā Mission.

Yet though there are so many separate societies, they are united in their object, and the desire of the members is expressed in the words of the banner, of

this conference of women engaged in all the branches of zanānā mission work, of which a brief description is now attempted.

Zanānā Visiting.—This is a house-to-house visitation, regulated by two important rules. Only those houses are visited where a call is invited, and the recognised object of the call is to teach the Gospel. At the same time, those who desire to learn are given instruction in reading, writing, and needlework, the usual programme being the singing of *bhājans* (hymns written in the native language and set to native tunes), the reading and explanation of a passage of Scripture, and the instruction of from one to perhaps three pupils in secular subjects. Six or eight such visits only can be accomplished in the course of a long morning.

In large towns a zanānā visitor has as many as two or three hundred houses, at which at least one visit a week must be paid by herself, her colleague, assistants or Bible women. She also has to superintend several schools for both Mohammedan and Hindu girls, varying in size from ten to fifty scholars.

In addition to her work amongst non-Christians, the missionary has to instruct and train her Bible-women and teachers, and to *mān-bāp* them generally, as well as other less useful *attachées* to the mission. To *mān-bāp*, literally translated, is to mother and father.

Zanānā visiting in the towns is carried on steadily throughout all the seasons of the year.

It is an interesting sight to see the workers assemble in the mission-house for united prayer, before starting out for the day's work. Many such a scene rises to the mind, but one will serve as an illustration.

It was the cold season of Northern India. Breakfast was over, and sundry little household duties had been attended to, when, as the clock struck nine, the missionaries, with the assistants who lived in the house, took their places in

a row of wicker-work chairs whilst a line of Bible-women, looking beautifully neat and clean in their fresh print skirts and bright warm *chaddās*, filed in through a door communicating with the verandah—for they lived in trim little houses in the compound or grounds.

There was something particularly pleasing in the cheerful smiles with which they made their salaams, and then, with the quiet easy grace of the Indian woman, sat down on the floor in a semicircle.

Every one had her Bible—rather a bulky production in the Hindi or Urdu character—open on her knee, and followed attentively as the missionary read. Then all reverently knelt in prayer, every voice joining audibly in the rhythmical Urdu rendering of the Lord's Prayer.

A few minutes sufficed for directions as to the day's work and the disposal of the workers in the several conveyances in readiness at the door.



THE CONVEYANCE OF THE VILLAGE MISSIONARY.

A missionary and three Bible-women got into one closed *gari* or Indian cab; an assistant with three teachers filled another, and so on. One or two others, whose work lay in isolated parts of the town, went singly in *doolies* borne on men's shoulders. They proceeded to various parts of the town, and then each party dispersed to the several spheres of work.

A hearty welcome awaits the visitor in the *zanānā*, for she is always regarded as the friend of the family, for she is known to "rejoice with them that rejoice, and to weep with them that weep." And who can give such wise counsel and loving words of comfort as the Miss Sahib-ji.

In the day-school, the scholars have been gathered together by the *dhai*, whose business is to go round and call for the children at their homes. Those of higher rank have been brought in curtained *doolies*. All are sitting quietly conning the day's lessons. Indian scholars are always very much in earnest, and never waste time in play. With a clinking of anklets and bracelets, the children rise, and solemnly raise their hands to their foreheads, making a polite *salaam* as the teachers enter. After a *bhajan* has been sung and the Lord's prayer repeated, the work of the day is entered upon with eager attention.

Village or Itinerating Work.—During the hot weather and "rains," the village missionary is obliged to confine her efforts to work amongst the people of the village in which she lives and its adjacent hamlets; but in the cold season, exchanging the house for a tent, she travels over the surrounding district, camping for a day or two at every friendly village. An area of country larger than the average extent of an English county may thus be covered in the course of a few years, and the missionary become acquainted with the inhabitants of as many as five hundred villages.

Her work consists chiefly of addressing large gatherings of women, occupied in the fields in beating and cleaning cotton, etc., and of receiving visitors in her tent, some of whom are really anxious to hear more of the Gospel story, but many

have been attracted by her medicine chest, whilst probably the largest proportion are desirous of knowing more about the circumstances, personal habits, and mode of living of the English lady.

Patiently she has to endure the curious scrutiny, and to listen to the wondering criticisms of those who have never beheld so interesting a sight before, and numberless are the questions she has to answer. As no corner of her tent is private from prying investigation, so no circumstance of her life is regarded as sacred. Her age, her matrimonial intentions, her complexion, her clothing, are all ruthlessly discussed.

The following are specimens of the questions asked and opinions expressed.

"Why do you not wear earrings?"

"I know," vouchsafes one who prides herself upon having seen a little more of the world than her neighbours. "She is not married. When she is married, she will wear just one little earring."

"What! father and mother dead, and they never made any arrangement for your marriage?"

"Is there not one man for you in the whole world? Let me find you a husband!"

"I suppose only your face and hands are white. Please give me the soap you use, and I will make my face and hands white too."

"Why do you wear such a pretty petticoat under your skirt? It should be worn outside."

"What's your pay? Do you get it from the Government?"

Sometimes they are afraid that the missionary is a spy sent by the Government, and it is always a great satisfaction to the people to know that she is not in Government employ.

Orphanages.—Into these are received children of all sorts and conditions—the orphans of Christian parents, and the poor little survivors of famine-stricken Hindu and Mohammedan families. The latter often come in at the last extremity, and their famine experience leaves its indelible mark on constitution and character. Others there are who are the offspring of condemned criminals, who are likely to have inherited terrible tendencies.



CHILDREN OF ORPHANAGES IN NATIVE CHRISTIAN CHURCH

In the care and training of a family so heterogeneous in character, what infinite skill and tact is required. All the children are of course trained as Christians. Before the girls leave the Orphanage, their marriage is usually arranged for. Catechists, colporteurs, dispensers and other mission agents, also Christian men engaged in more secular work, are largely indebted to the Orphanages for their wives. The few girls who do not marry become teachers, and many of those who marry become Bible-women.

Boarding Schools.—These are of two classes, the Middle Schools for the children of Christians of small means and humble rank, and the High Schools for the children of the better educated, as pastors, head catechists, and pleaders and clerks in Government employ.

In this work the most judicious discrimination has to be exercised. For whilst being trained in an atmosphere so replete with Christian love, there is a danger that the girls thus lovingly shielded and cared for may grow up as hothouse plants, so dependent on their school environment that they cannot stand alone when removed from it. Another result that has to be guarded

against is that the efforts to raise the children morally and socially may bring about their Anglicisation to an undesirable extent. It is quite impossible for any who have not been actually engaged in such work to gauge the difficulties of the Christian Educationist in India.

Homes for Converts.—These are asylums for those who have been rendered homeless and destitute by their confession of Christ, where they are carefully instructed in the duties of the Christian life, and trained for maintaining themselves by their own exertions. The customs and religious laws of the people of India deny a place in the home and affections of her relations, to a convert to Christianity.

Homes for Widows.—Widows are forbidden to marry, and, being regarded as a tiresome encumbrance by their male relatives, who are bound to support them, they are often driven to lead an evil life. An endeavour to save such has been made by the establishment of these Homes, where they are taught various kinds of work, and learn to gain an independent livelihood whilst sheltered from cruelty and temptation.

Homes for the Blind.—The suffering

and afflicted are invariably despised and neglected, if not actually ill-treated. In these homes, the blind are taught basket-work and mat-making, which enables them to be independent of their unkind relations. Such a practical illustration of the love and pity for the sick and afflicted, which was taught and practised by Our Saviour, does not fail to impress the hearts of those whose religion inculcates no such compassion.

Medical Work.—This latest and most valuable development of Missionary effort, demands the highest skill, the most Christian patience, and the noblest Missionary aims. How impossible is it to give any adequate description of this grand work within the limit of a short article. Briefly then, the Medical Missionary may be said to combine all the offices of House Surgeon, Visiting Physician, and Ordinary Practitioner in one, and she performs the duties of each, under the most unfavourable circumstances, climate, religious prejudices and customs, superstition and ignorance, all combining to oppose and thwart her efforts.

And what is the nett result of all the

work being done by the Missionaries? The native Christians in India to-day are probably equal in number to the population of England when Christianity became the established religion, more than a hundred years after the first Missionaries to the Anglo-Saxons visited the country. But whilst the English were largely compelled by the power of the sword and by Royal command to be baptised, Indian Christians have voluntarily suffered persecution by receiving baptism.

When we reflect on the size of India, its vast population, and its many ancient religions, it is not difficult to perceive that the work of Christianising India must require very much more time than was taken in establishing the Christian religion in our own land. Yet we can look forward hopefully to the rapid growth of the Indian Church, for nearly all its members are actively engaged in Missionary service. And there are, undoubtedly, very many more convinced of the truth of Christianity, yet lacking the courage of their convictions, than have already publicly confessed their faith in Christ.



Across Denmark

WRITTEN BY A. B. MIDDLETON.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

ITCHING and rolling on the uncertain bosom of the North Sea, our little steamer plunges along heavily, with the Dogger Bank away to the north, and the outlying islands of the Frisian group and the coasts of Holland and Germany to the south. For we are on our way to the land of the Vikings, and we must, therefore, accept with fortitude whatever discomforts a rough voyage may impose upon us.

Retiring to rest on such a night is a mere mockery to the bad sailor, who, tossing in anguish in his berth, listens wearily to the monotonous creaking of the lamps as they swing with every roll of the vessel, and watches the lightning blaze fitfully across his cabin window, and counts the hours before the breaking of dawn, longingly wishing all the time that he had the stomach of one of his ancestors, the Northmen, who were wont to ride the wildest storm without a twinge.

But, as the poet says—

No day is so long

But it comes at last to vesper song ;

and at last the cold, grey dawn appears, and we clamber upstairs to the deck, clutching at anything and everything which is at all likely to give support.

Few are stirring at this early hour, and all around us the white-maned sea-horses rush hissing past, drenching us with salt spray ; whilst, looking down the long deck, we see the two funnels belching out volumes of dense, black smoke as the steamer alternately mounts and glides down the gigantic swells.

The wild waste of waters is absolutely without a vestige of life, save for the occasional "fishers," whose sails we now and again discern on the horizon, and the wind cuts through one like a knife ; so, judging our berth to be the best place after all, we retire below, this time for good, until, after another long, monotonous day and night, the diminution of the rolling tells us we are nearing the dangerous, storm-tortured coast of Jutland ; and, going on deck, we see a smiling sea, and in the distance the white cliffs of the island of Fanö. This little island is noteworthy on account of the amber which is cast upon its shores, and is now fast becoming a popular bathing resort. The women here wear a peculiar native costume, and do much of the work belonging to the men, who are frequently out fishing ; and these, in their turn, in winter occupy themselves with knitting and similar employments.

And now we are forging along with the engines at half-speed, for, before we can enter the harbour of Esbjerg, we have a very nasty shallow bar to cross, which is a frequent source of delay to steamers ; in fact, it is only comparatively small vessels which can enter the harbour at all on this account, but as Esbjerg enjoys the distinction of being the only harbour of any importance on the whole of the western coast of Jutland, and as the traveller to Copenhagen cuts off some six or eight hours of sea voyage round the Skaw by this route, such minor inconveniences as these must be overlooked.

Passing to the left the bare masts of a wreck sticking out of the water, we finally enter the harbour of Esbjerg,

and step for the first time upon the soil of Jylland, as the Danes call it.

The air is wonderfully clear, and after passing through the Custom House and partaking of some slight refreshment, we saunter around this little town, which has sprung up so rapidly to be the one connecting link with the West.

All the houses appear to be newly built, and from the vicinity of the Vandtaarn, or water-tower, which dominates the harbour, one gets a lovely view of the town, the sea, and the island of Fanø in the distance.

This Vandtaarn is a most peculiar structure of brick; in fact, one of the most characteristic features of a Danish landscape consists of these numerous towers, erected for the purpose of drawing water, for Denmark is lamentably lacking in rivers.

On the way to the station we see the familiar Danish sight of a detachment of schoolboys marching down the street in perfect order, accompanied by their master, on their way to the gymnasium, for every boy in Denmark is taught physical exercise, and no one is exempt from military service.

Arriving at the station we take our places in the exceedingly comfortable

carriages of the "Danske Statsbane," for on this line every possible comfort is anticipated by the company. The carriages are supplied with electric light, generated by the motion of the train itself, and are replete with adjustable "sovesofas" (sleeping sofas), lavatories, loose cushions, and the like.

Journeying across the peninsula, one cannot help but notice how barren and bleak the country appears. It is like travelling over one of our own heather-clad moors, and the farther north one gets, the wilder and more desolate it becomes, until, north of the fantastic twinings of the great Liim Fjord, the woods disappear and give place to rolling stretches of sand-dunes. Every storm which beats upon these dreary shores of the Skagerak and the Kattegat, carries far inland the drifting sand, and spoils every trace of vegetation for the sturdy dwellers of the Skaw.

At length we skirt the shores of a lovely fjord, the first indication that we have crossed the peninsula, and very shortly arrive at Kolding. This was once an important little town, and contains the ruins of the Koldinghus, where the Court was at one time held. The bare walls of this ruined castle



KOLDINGHUS

present a most stern and impressive appearance when seen from the still waters of the fjord.

Kolding is the frontier station between Slesvig and Jutland, and was naturally much embroiled in the war which resulted in the cession of Slesvig and Holstein to the Prussians.

Even now the strong feeling occasioned by the war has not yet subsided in the hearts of patriotic Danes, and I have a very vivid recollection of visiting the shop of a picture dealer in Copenhagen, who gave me a most graphic and noisy account of his experiences in some of the battles, stamping about excitedly all the time in the shop, to the imminent danger of his pictures and other goods.

On arriving at Fredericia, a novel experience awaits us.

Denmark being really nothing but a cluster of islands, it is very evident that land and sea connections should be made, at any rate, on the main routes with the greatest despatch and facility; and to meet this, we find our train is taken right down to the dock, where the ferry steamer awaits us, the deck of which is on a perfect level with the permanent way. There is a line of rails along the deck, in continuation of the ordinary rails; and, when necessary, it is possible to take the whole train upon the steamer, and convey it across to the other side, where the journey may be resumed. As a rule, however, it is only the luggage and mail carriages which require transhipment.

From the steamer one gets a most beautiful view of Fredericia, nestling amongst the trees, with its clean white houses and red tiles, typical of the red and white colours of the Danebrog standard, and one may trace the white curdly wake of the steamer upon the dancing blue waters of the Little Belt, almost all the way across to the island of Fyen, where we disembark, and resume our railway journey at Strib.

We are now in the midst of the most delightful scenery, and of a variety which is to be found in Denmark alone.

The shimmering waters of the Sound, with little boats dotted about here and

there, the wooded shores of the islands with little villages peeping out at intervals, and the quiet, pastoral character of the country stamp it as being peculiarly Danish.

Now passing through dense woods, consisting entirely of very small trees (for one sees no large trees in Denmark, whose timber supply comes exclusively from Sweden), and at other times passing through bare country-sides which would remind one of Holland were it not that the ground has a curious rolling formation, we at length come to the ancient town of Odense, once a stronghold of the Odin worship.

Amongst other places of interest, the town contains St. Knud's Church, erected in 1101 to receive the body of Knud IV., and the cottage in which the famous writer, Hans C. Andersen, was born.

Proceeding on our way to Nyborg, the country still preserves its peaceful pastoral aspect, here and there dotted with little farmsteads, with the strangely-shaped roofs and gables common to Danish domestic architecture; but farther south the hills grow to what, for Denmark is a considerable height, and are known as the Fyen Alps.

On our arrival at Nyborg we again exchange the train for the steamer, and cross the Store Belt, or Great Belt, passing midway the little island of Sprogø, where supplies are always kept in case of accidents or delays to the ice-boats, which in winter frequently take ten hours to cross, and at times they have even been detained for days at the island.

The steamboat passage occupies about a couple of hours, during which time the traveller may go below, and partake of a hearty dinner in the approved Danish fashion, raw and boiled salmon, and other varieties of fish, eels, chickens, rye bread and white bread being amongst the other articles of diet.

The Store Belt is the great route by which, so we were informed, all large vessels pass from the Baltic into the North Sea, as for example vessels of the Russian Fleet, as the Øresund, between Elsinore and Helsingborg, is so frightfully narrow.

Looking away down the Baltic south-

wards we can see the steamers of the Hamburg connection, from Kiel, approaching to join the line at Korsør for Copenhagen, which at times occasions a considerable rush for the train on landing.

However, we are the first of them to set foot on Seeland, and leaving Korsør with its windmills behind, we hurry along to our destination—the Cheepeners Haven.

Passing Slagelse, an ancient town, with the ruined monastery of Antvorskov, and with numerous interesting tumuli in the vicinity, we reach Sorø, with its tranquil little lake and shady trees, and then after leaving Ringsted, which is important on account of the royal line of the Valdemars being buried in the church here, the only large town before arriving at Copenhagen is Roskilde, with the quaint short spires of its cathedral standing out prominently above the flat landscape.

Roskilde was once the capital of Denmark, and close by in the neighbourhood, in the olden days, stood a temple of Odin, much frequented by the wild Vikingar from all parts of Scandinavia.

The tombs of many notable personages may be found in the Cathedral, amongst others, Harald Blåtand, son of the famous Gorm the Old, Svend Estridsen, son of the murdered Ulf Jarl, and Christian IV., on whose coffin lies the mighty silver-worked sword, which he was wont to wield against his enemies with such deadly effect.

The town stands at the point of the Roskilde fjord, one of the many branches of the Kattegat, and adjacent to the shores of the fjord may be traced the curious archaeological remains known as the "Kökkenmødding."

The night has come upon us ere we reach the end of our long journey, and it is with a sigh of relief that we finally find ourselves gliding across the Peblinger Sø in a blaze of electric light, and are deposited, tired but safe, in the station of Kjøbenhavn, to give it its true Danish appellation.

After a sound night's rest, we are up betimes, for who could linger indoors with the prospect of exploring this fascinating city by the Baltic before them.

Kjøbenhavn is noted for its curious churches, and accordingly we set out for Christiansholm, where the peculiar church known as Vor Frelsers Kirke is to be found.

On the way, we pass the remains of the imposing Christiansborg Palace, the dignified majesty of which even fire has not entirely been able to obliterate.

A few minutes further brings us to the Holmens Kirke, where lie buried two of Denmark's heroes, Niels Juel, and Peder Vessel, or "Thundershield."

Across the canal is one of the most characteristic buildings in Copenhagen, the Exchange, or Børsen, and its long rows of old-time dormers and gables, surmounted by the droll spire, which is composed of four dragons, whose heads rest at the four corners of the base, and whose bodies are entwined in a gradual taper, until their tails meet at the tip, make it as strange an edifice as one will meet in most European cities.

Crossing the bridge to Christiansholm, and having hunted up the "graver," we make our way, in his company, to Vor Frelsers Kirke, or Our Saviour's Church, which contains a beautifully decorated organ; but it is not the organ we have come to see, for we are seized with an uncontrollable desire to climb the gilded spire, the stairway of which, most strange to relate, is not, as is usual, inside the tower, but ascends, in a rail-protected spiral on the outside, up to the very point on which rests the golden globe which bears the image of our Saviour.

After climbing an interminable array of stairways and ladders, and inscribing our name in a visitors' book, crowded with signatures of people from every corner of Europe, we finally arrive where the exterior ascent begins, and then comes the tug of war.

A tremendous gale has been blowing all the day, and as we climb, step by step, up the ever-narrowing spiral, we are in bodily danger of being caught up and hurled over the parapet by the violence of the wind.

But never shall it be said that we left Copenhagen without scaling this famous spire, and so, bit by bit, we gradually find ourselves under the golden ball, and then what a view unfolds itself.

Down below our feet, intersecting the city almost in a straight line, is the Haven, with its crowds of strange-looking craft of all nationalities, extending from Frederiksberg to the south, up to the Frihavn, northwards and the lovely Lange Linie promenade, with its beds of roses, and the little English Church close by, where, as like as not, one may worship on the Sunday shoulder to shoulder with our own Princess of Wales.

Yonder rises the stately dome of the Frederiks-Kirke or Marmor-Kirke, the first thing one sees on coming to Copenhagen down the Sound, and the last

church in the city, as a visit to the Runde Taarn, or Round Tower, will show.

This cylindrical-looking tower with its prison-like windows, contains a spiral passage, the queer part about which is that there are no steps whatever, but the floor is on an inclined plane, and gently rises to the top of the tower; indeed, so gradual is the ascent, that it is said Catherine of Russia rode to the top in a carriage and pair, and the visitor will readily believe this to be true.

Perhaps, however, the most popular church in Copenhagen is Vor Frue Kirke or the "Church of our Lady."



KØBMAGERGADE MED RUNDETAARN

C. ST. ENNET

thing one sees sink below the horizon on leaving it.

To our right are the shining waters of the Sound, and the island of Amager, the stolid-faced women of which, with their peculiar headgear, easily betray their Flemish origin.

Scarcely daring even to turn round, and holding in our teeth various articles which our hands are already too full to hold, we crawl down, bent half-double, and finally emerge, hot but triumphant, into the street below again.

But this is not the only extraordinary

Standing as it does in the vicinity of the University, and the Dyveke Gaard, (said to be the oldest house in Copenhagen), its external appearance is decidedly unhandsome, but on entering the church one is struck by the extraordinary character of the architecture.

The lofty ceiling, with its gracefully rounded sweep, and its uniformly coloured and carved decorations, is of wood. So, too, we find on closer inspection, are the noble fluted columns which support it. But what has rendered this church famous almost above all others

in Denmark is the fact that it contains some of the very cream of Thorwaldsen's works, namely, The Christ, The Twelve Apostles, and the Baptismal Angel.

The Apostles are ranged down each side of the church. The exquisitely carved Baptismal Angel kneels, and holds a font in the shape of a great scallop shell, and overlooking all, the tender features of the Christ gaze down compassionately upon the worshippers from the altar, and the arms are stretched out, as though to invite the whole world into their embrace. On the pedestal are the words "Kommer til mig" (Come unto Me).

Besides possessing some fine churches, Copenhagen also has some fine palaces and parks.

The west part of the town simply abounds with beautiful parks and lakes, as for example the Ørsted Park, and the Botanisk Have, whilst more central are the lovely secluded grounds of the Rosenborg Palace, the finest specimen of 17th century florid renaissance architecture in Denmark, and here is contained a most valuable collection of national treasures.

Coming to the severely fashionable quarter of the town, we have Amalienborg, a circular place around which are built the mansions of the Royal Family and of the Court. Whilst in this vicinity, one should not miss paying a visit to the Russian Church, the gilded bulbous domes (so characteristically Russian) of which may be seen glittering in the sunshine not far away.

The interior, though small, is resplen-

dent with heavily gilded arches, mosaic floors, exquisite paintings, gaudy "icons" and the like, and must have been extremely costly. This church is used by the Czar and his suite when in Copenhagen.

But it is Thorwaldsen, whom the Danes are particularly proud of, and a visit to the museum of this greatest sculptor of modern times is fraught with the deepest interest.

The Thorwaldsen Museum is built in the shape of a great mausoleum, and externally, with its strange mural paintings, looks most dismal.

In the centre of the building, which is not roofed over, is the ivy-covered tomb of the sculptor, and in the surrounding galleries are to be found his numerous works, so numerous indeed, that one can scarcely credit them to be the work of one man.

One might easily spend a day in examining all the exquisite productions of this latter-day Phidias, but suffice it here to mention a few of his chief works, such as "The Three Graces," "Amor and Psyche," "Jason and the Golden Fleece" and so forth.

The visitor should not miss the Christ Hall, and the museum also contains a fine collection of pictures, and a few curious articles of furniture from the house of Thorwaldsen.

It would be very difficult moreover to find a finer picture gallery than the States Museum which is in the vicinity of the Rosenborg Palace.

This gallery has a magnificent frontage, and contains a collection of most stri-



THORWALDSEN'S MUSEUM

kingly realistic pictures, the tones of many of these being remarkably vivid. But the subjects appeal straight to the heart, being mostly illustrative of everyday life in Scandinavia, and that frequently of a pathetic nature, for too often are these northern coasts the scenes of heart-rending tragedies.

But when we enter the *Alt-nordisk Museum*, or *The Museum of Northern antiquities*, the finest of its kind in all Europe, we leap at one bound from the present back to the terrible days of the dread Vikingar; and as we gaze almost with awe upon the great swords and steel gear of these stern warriors, filched by modern hands from sepulchral mounds, and barrows, we are carried back in imagination to the times when in the cold winter the land was covered with a deep mantle of snow, and the halls, with their roaring fires, were crowded with fierce mail-clad men who drank from curious horns, and made the rafters ring as they shouted "*Skall!*" to the chief whom they idolised above all else, and whom they were ready to follow through the wildest struggles, until they should fall covered with wounds and glory, and the Valkyries should bear them through the shrieking elements to the welcome halls of *Valhalla*.

The Museum contains an unrivalled collection of implements of the stone age, swords, lances, helmets, mail harness, drinking horns, ornaments and the like; and to better give an idea of the appearance of these dwellers of the stone and iron ages, life-size figures are dressed up in the identical garments worn at the time, which imparts an air of intense reality to them.

It is most interesting, however, when one is tired of museums and galleries, and the like, to idly watch the crowds that walk to and fro through the city. Soldiers, in their light blue uniforms, Russian bluejackets, Swedes, Germans, even Finns, mingle amongst the flax-haired townspeople, who come out to the brilliant shops that crowd such thoroughfares as the *Østergade* and the *Gøthersgade*, to do their buying. Fine men and beautiful women appear to be the rule in Copenhagen, perhaps the cold, bracing breezes they get from the Baltic have something to do with it, and one

almost envies the happy, sturdy, healthy-looking women, some of whom walk about hatless, and with neck and shoulders almost bare in the most boisterous weather.

And how patriotic the Danes are is well exemplified in the following incident, vouched for by a gentleman who witnessed the affair.

Last summer the Dowager Empress of Russia had brought a naval band on her private yacht, and these men were playing on a Sunday afternoon in one of the parks.

Finally, they played the beautiful "*Boje czaria hrani*" the Russian national Anthem, which so delighted the crowd of people who were listening that they redemanded it. The band then courteously rendered that fiery, warlike song, which every Dane knows and is proud of:—

Kong Kristian stod vor hojer Mast.
(King Christian stood before the high mast.)

At this the enthusiasm of the Danes knew no bounds, and amidst a scene of great excitement, the band actually repeated the Danish and Russian anthems alternately some eight or ten times.

When the night comes, another institution makes itself apparent, and the streets are crowded with people hurrying past the tempting shops which display the curious old-time brooches, so frequently seen in Denmark (an industry much revived of late years), or the pretty and artistic porcelain and terra cotta ware, for which the town is noted.

Some are on their way to *Tivoli*, where every conceivable form of amusement is provided. Circuses, pantomimes, first class concerts, restaurants, bazaars, and even an old frigate rigged up as a concert-room on the small lake, are to be found in these much frequented gardens, patronised by the very best society of Copenhagen; and here one may see a survival of those strange dumb ballets, which were primarily originated, many years ago in Copenhagen, for the portrayal of the *Odinic* myths.

The theatre is another great institution in Denmark, and is held in high repute by all classes, and the names of *Oehlenschläger* and *Holberg*, are known

and beloved by all, as being the two greatest of Denmark's dramatists.

On a great night, when the "Meistersingers" or "Tannhauser" or other similar works are being given, the Koninglike Theater in the Kongens Nytorv is the scene of a brilliant and intellectual concourse from the most refined circles of society, to say nothing of the ordinary townspeople, who are also capable of understanding and appreciating the works of the great modern masters.

And now after our flying visit across

the land of the Danes, we must perforce retrace our steps homewards; and accordingly, early in the morning, we find ourselves hurrying westwards again, back to Esbjerg, which we reach by nightfall, and as our vessel moves off from the quay amidst the hearty "Farvels" and "Auf Wiedersehns" of our friends, we leave behind us, with regret, a country the people of which, with their kindly, courteous, and generous disposition, will ever remain a pleasant and agreeable recollection to us.



BALLADE

FROM THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT WHICH FRANÇOIS VILLON
MADE IN 1461

SAY, whither have fled the saints of old,
In sendal and taffeta, limp and sheer,
Girdled about and richly stoled?

Such were their guise and spiritual
gear

The very fiend had them in fear.

One law, alike, must all obey;

One course must serf and scion steer.

So goes the wind that blows to-day.

Where lurks the king with wrists of
gold?—

His fame on earth grows yellow and
sere—

Or he of France? of whom 'tis told:

"Equal he had not, far or near."

Chantries and churches used he rear

Ere to the unknown he went his way,

Leaving his state and honours here.

So goes the wind that blows to-day.

Vienna's bowmen overbold

In battle; in council sage and clear,

Grenoble's captains; they who sold

War-service, whether of forge or
spear;

Bowyer, fletcher, halbardeer;

They have warred no man knows
whither; yet they

Loved what earth gave of feast and
cheer.

So goes the wind that blows to-day.

Envoi.

Death's summons shall echo in each
man's ear,

Whether he whimper: "Yea," or
"Nay,"

And be he pauper, or prince, or peer.

So goes the wind that blows to-day.

J. J. ELLIS.



ISA BOWMAN

From a Photo by TABER, New Bond Street, W.

Miss Isa Bowman

WRITTEN

BY

H. F.

ILLUSTRATED

BY

PHOTOGRAPHS

MISS ISA BOWMAN, though not long out of her teens, has been for fourteen years on the stage, and in those fourteen years has had experience of every branch of the dramatic art. "I had the advantage of beginning in one of the real, old-fashioned stock companies," she told me, "and I can never be thankful enough for it. Though I was only a child, I gained an experience of every variety of part that has been of immense service to me all through my career."

It was in the stock company organised by that fine actor of the old school, Charles Dillon, that Miss Bowman, a child of seven, first understood the life of an actress to mean playing six different parts every week. Sometimes there were more, for the audience at the old Stratford Theatre did not mind if the management presented them with two, or even three, pieces a night. The plays were of every kind, ranging from blood-curdling melodrama to the wildest of farce, and including, of course, as one of the stock attractions, "East Lynne," in which, also of course, Miss Bowman

played the seraphic child, Little Willie. She has been Little Willie in no less than seven different versions of the play.

"We had not many rehearsals," she told me, "for when we were not actually before the audience we had to be learning our parts, so that occasionally things did not go as smoothly as they might, and this circumstance was of the greatest value to me, for it taught me never to lose my presence of mind on the stage. One expected a stage wait or two as a matter of course, and was never taken aback."

Miss Bowman's first appearance at a West-End theatre was at the Olympic, in a harrowing drama called "The Sea of Ice," and shortly after that she had her first big chance, and was very successful as Alice in the stage version of "Alice in Wonderland," at the Globe Theatre.

Her long association with the author, Lewis Carroll, is one of her pleasantest memories. She used to stay with him both at Oxford and at his house at Eastbourne, and with him came into contact with a great variety of interesting people. She remembers being terribly frightened during a solitary walk with Ruskin. The great art critic had somewhat of an awesome presence, and though he was very kind, her lips refused to speak. "He could not understand children, like Lewis Carroll," she said, "but, then, no one could."

It was through Lewis Carroll that Ellen Terry took an interest in the little girl, and for some time she went regularly to the great actress, to be taught elocution. "The thing that first impressed me about Ellen Terry in private life," Miss Bowman told me, "was the extraordinary grace of her movements. I used to go home, and try for hours before the looking-glass to walk like she did."

However, it was from Lewis Carroll himself, I gathered, that she learned most about acting. "He was one of the best judges of acting that I ever met," she said. "He seemed to know at once exactly how a scene should be played, and though he would never consent to rehearse it himself, he

could so lucidly describe what he wanted in words that one could quickly translate his lesson into action. It was his extremely nervous disposition, I suppose, that would not let him act the scene himself; for when I was playing the Little Prince in "Richard the Third," and he was not altogether pleased with some of my work, I used to beg him to show me how one or two of the scenes ought to be done, but he never would. He hated impatience of any sort, for he was a man of extreme method in his life, and if ever I lost my temper, as I am afraid I often did, because I could not get a thing right, he would make me begin right at the beginning again, and go laboriously through the whole thing."

Miss Bowman has recently given the world a graceful little memento of this friendship in the shape of a short memoir of Lewis Carroll.

After "Alice" she joined the great American actor, Richard Mansfield, and after a season at the Globe theatre went with him to America. She remembers, on that tour, coming to Louisville just after the terrible cyclone, that left few large buildings standing save the theatre and the gaol, and Mr. Mansfield, seeing the misery of the people, was minded to take his players away at once. But the townsfolk would not hear of it, and compelled them to act. They wanted all the lightheartedness possible in that dreadful time, they said, so the company, whose special train was one of the few comfortable places to live in left in the town, stayed and played to the biggest business of the tour.

"The sight of that wrecked town, and the steadfast bearing of those people, whose city had been blown down like a castle of cards, gave me an admiration of the American character, and, incidentally, a respect for the vagaries of their weather, that I have never forgotten," said Miss Bowman.

In Chicago Mr. Mansfield's leading lady was suddenly ill, and there was no understudy. Miss Bowman had at the shortest of notice to put up her hair, get into long frocks, and go on to play the heroine—a little girl of thirteen as a woman supposed to be more than double that age—and the most critical audi-

ence in America on the other side of the footlights. The splendid press notices that she received for that *tour de force* are among her most treasured possessions.

When she came back to England she made her *début* in pantomime at Manchester, and has subsequently played principal girl in Dublin, Leeds, Glasgow, Bristol, Sheffield, and at Drury Lane, where she was the Cinderella of the last pantomime that the late Sir Augustus Harris ever produced. Meanwhile she achieved fame as a dancer, dancing both at the Lyric and the Prince of Wales theatres during the simultaneous runs of "Maid Marian" and "La Cigale," and she acted in one of Laurence Irving's first plays at the Criterion theatre. She was the unpleasant girl in the production of "The Little Squire" at the

Lyric, and she created the part of Connie in "All Abroad," one of the cleverest musical comedies that has ever been produced. At the Garrick Theatre she took up Ellaline Terriss' part when "My Girl" was transplanted from the Gaiety, and latterly she has been Arthur Roberts' leading lady, and very successful as Mary in "Dandy Dan," at the Lyric again. Quite recently Miss Bowman has devoted most of her time to a thorough study of music, and has not been able to act much. During the past Christmas season, however, she has been the principal girl in a rather original pantomime at Sheffield. Miss Bowman is *petite*, very pretty, and a clever talker. In her dainty Queen Anne's house in Bedford Park, where I interviewed her, she is an ideal hostess.

H. F.





A MORTIMER BANTLING.

WRITTEN BY LIEUT.-COLONEL JOHN MACGREGOR. Author of:
"Through the Buffer State."

ILLUSTRATED BY E. FAIRHURST

HERE were no greater friends on the station than Captain Charles Mortimer and Mr. Joe Greenwood. They were much of an age, and though the one was a soldier and the other a civilian, yet the petty little jealousies, so frequently observed in India between the civil and military branches, found no resting place in the breasts of these two cronies. Mortimer forgot that his friend drew quite a bagful of depreciated rupees at the end of every month, while the latter never grudged his comrade his dashing uniform as an officer of a choice cavalry corps as well as aide-de-camp to the general officer commanding at Zulmaala.

But a change was to come over the spirit of their dreams, and I need not say that a woman was at the bottom of it.

"By the way, Greenie," said Mortimer, "Have you seen anything of our new arrival?"

"New arrival!" returned Greenwood pettishly: "I have no time to look after new arrivals in this confounded famine season. There's nothing left for me but the 'Song of the Shirt': work, work, work. I can scarcely snatch an hour or two a week for a bout of polo, let alone the pleasure of looking after new arrivals."

"But I tell you, she's a 'ripper'" said Mortimer, with an extra strong puff from his rank Trichinopoly cheeroot, followed by a draught of the stimulating beverage beside him.

Greenwood looked at him with surprise. It was not the habit of Charlie to be talking about "rippers" in this free and easy fashion.

"Whew!" he said at last, after a long provoking whistle. "So you're getting affected with 'rippers' then, eh?"

"Oh, I didn't say that, but we can't get on without them, you know."

"And that's the way the wind blows. You could get on well enough without them last week, if I rightly understand what you are driving at. And where have all your resolutions gone?"

"Haven't abandoned them yet, my boy. But you know the place that's paved with the best of good intentions?"

"I fancy I do since I came to Zulmaala, but did not expect that it was your broken resolutions, that would make the parallel complete. But who, pray, is this new arrival of yours?"

"No one less or more than Miss Minerva Millie Drummond."

"The old General's daughter? So she's come out at last, then?"

"Haven't you seen her yet?"

"Not I. But I fancy if she's at all like her dear old papa or mamma, she's



"'BUT I TELL YOU, SHE'S A "RIPPER,"' SAID MORTIMER."

likely enough to be good, but, I should fancy, not at all good-looking."

"Not a bit like either of them in looks. The General's Scotch carrot hair is toned down to a tinge of dark auburn; that colour of hair, you know, so charming to see but so difficult to describe. And as for Mrs. Drummond, she's only Minnie's stepmother. The General's first wife was murdered in the Mutiny."

Yes, Miss Minerva Drummond, the latest importation to Zulmsala, was beautiful both in mind and person, with that frankness of manner and freshness of colour that are the heritage of a healthy English girl as yet untarnished by the worries of the world, or the withering influence of an Indian climate.

Carefully nurtured as became the daughter of her gallant father, and heiress in due course to all his belong-

ings, Miss Drummond was no mean temptation for any man to break his benedict vows about, especially at that impressionable age when all womankind are fairies, and the fairest of them angels. She was not even intended for the hot and dry Indian Market. Her father's tenure of command would expire before the end of a year, when they all intended to return to Drummond Mole, as many an ancestral Drummond had done before them.

But Minnie, having now finished her education, was anxious to visit India, the land of her birth, as well as her father and stepmother, to whom she was deeply devoted.

Her wish was granted. Why not? It would extend her knowledge of the world, and when her curiosity would be satisfied, she would return within a twelve-months, more convinced than

ever, that there is "no place like home." Yet the Divinity that shapes our ends had already decreed that the beautiful Miss Minerva Drummond should see her English home no more.

"You may well say that she's a 'ripper,'" laughed Greenwood, as he greeted his friend at the gymkhana a day or two afterwards. But there was a slight hesitation in his voice, as he said so, the significance of which neither he nor anybody else was at that time capable of analysing. It was the first vague token of a sentiment that would almost wish she were not so beautiful, or that his bosom friend did not think her so, the one or the other, or perhaps an admixture of both, inasmuch as his thoughts were too confused to permit a precise definition.

"Heads or tails?" he cried, as he twirled his lawn-tennis bat on the ground to decide the choice of courts and partners.

"Tails!"

The bat after two or three turns fell flat on the ground with the Sealkote stamp uppermost.

"Heads, by Jove! It's my choice."

And so by the mere freak of a tennis-bat to fall on a certain side, it was decided that Miss Minerva Drummond and Mr. Joseph Greenwood were to play against Miss Freckles and Captain Mortimer, with choice of courts to the bargain.

Needless to say that Minnie, good player though she was, was no match for Miss Freckles, who made the game of lawn-tennis her special calling in life, and who was not only the garrison hack, but excelled all other lady-players in this particular form of amusement. Others played the game with a light heart, she with a serious purpose. Visit the gymkhana from seven to ten in the morning, or after five in the evening, even in the hottest weather, and you were sure to see Miss Freckles either playing or looking out for a partner.

On the other hand, Greenwood and Mortimer were pretty evenly balanced, so evenly, indeed, that they seldom played on the same side in this or in any other game, though personally the greatest friends imaginable. But with Mortimer and Miss Freckles paired, it was difficult

to find their equal, for strong though Mortimer was, Miss Freckles was even stronger as a lady-player,

"Now Captain Mortimer, brace up," said she in her familiar way. "They have got their choice of courts, but we mean to win the game."

Mortimer returned her appeal with a look of uncertainty. He was not quite so cocksure that they would win. Not because he did not intend to try. Yet, all the same, he should not feel so sorry if his lady opponent should have the pleasure of winning her first game on the station even at the expense of Miss Freckles and himself. However, though he had no braces, as Miss Freckles suggested, he braced himself up by tightening his *kummerbund* round his waist and tucking up his flannel shirt-sleeves.

Mortimer could not or, at any rate, did not, bring himself up to the pitch of his best form. Time after time he lost command of the ball and repeatedly failed to place it with the precision of yore. But in exact proportion as he yielded, Miss Freckles buckled to the fray with renewed energy. She effectively returned the hardest and fastest volleying from Greenwood with a coolness, that almost amounted to contempt; whereas it could not be asserted of her partner that he was equally energetic. True enough, when serving to Greenwood, he did so in his usual style, but when to Minnie, his hand seemed to lose its cunning, and the ball rolled slow and high and easy, as much as to say: "I am coming, come and take me."

Yet it was not an uninteresting game, for Mortimer, though not at his best, was by no means playing badly by comparison, and after all, the parties were not unevenly matched, the falling off on the part of Mortimer being almost more than counter-balanced by the very superior play of his partner.

"Four all!" shouted the marker.

It was a close game. They did not go in at Zulmsala for the extra rounds in case of a four tie, and the next point would decide the winners. It was Mortimer's serve to Miss Drummond, slow, high and easy, as already remarked. It was neatly enough taken, and the ball successfully passed from one side of the net to the other, till Greenwood got a

hold of it and placed it hard and sharp to the left of Mortimer who shied it completely out of court and thereby lost the game.

The spectators cheered the winners, and none the less so that Miss Drummond had won her maiden game on the station. Miss Freckles on the other hand, took her beating with rather a bad grace.

"Quite ashamed of myself," she muttered, as she stamped her heelless lawn-tennis shoe on the *chunam* court ground. "Quite ashamed, Captain Mortimer, to be beaten by such a slip of a girl," and she looked daggers at her partner, which were easy to interpret.

"I am sorry, Miss Freckles," he replied meekly. "It was really my fault, but we'll have our revenge later on, and we must encourage the young 'uns."

"Young 'uns indeed!" and Miss Freckles raised her *retroussé* nose and sniffed the air in great dudgeon at the thought of what that remark might secretly imply.

Joe Greenwood, it must be confessed, felt not a little satisfaction at having won his first game with Minnie, and (must it be said?) was at the bottom of his heart rather pleased that it was his friend Mortimer who had lost, so sadly imperfect are the ways and thoughts of humanity.

As for Minnie herself, it was her first flutter at Zulmsala in that capacity, and she could not conceal from herself (nor would she if she could) to whom she owed her victory.

There was always some amusement or other going on at this time at Zulmsala. It was the season of the south-west monsoon, when large patches of usually dry land are temporarily flooded with water, when railway embankments are undermined and washed away, when traffic of all kinds is suddenly and unexpectedly suspended, and when district officers betake themselves to the mud-walled thatch-roofed bungalows in lieu of the tents wherein they pass the greater portion of their Indian pilgrimage.

Yet in many respects it is the pleasantest season of the year. It is the only relief from the burnished sun of the tropics. The eternal drill ceases for a time to be eternal, the route-marching

relaxes, the green grass once more reasserts its supremacy over the grey landscape; and when at last comes an inter-diluvian "break," it is particularly the season of high jinks in such mofussil stations as Zulmsala.

But the silly season cannot always last, and the "Week" must end it with a final burst, after which the sky will dry up once more, the sun will shrivel the verdure, and the jogtrot of duty will go on as before.

It was a gay "Week" at Zulmsala, as became the headquarters of the Province, and crowds flocked from far and near to do honour to the occasion. A dance at this mess, a guest-night at another one, amateur theatricals at the *gymkhana*, with races and tournaments of all sorts, combined to make it the complete success that the periodic "Weeks" at Zulmsala had always been, since first a British garrison took paternal possession of the place.

And now it was Saturday, the last and, on that account, the most important day of the entertainment. Among other events it was to witness the final match of the polo tournament between the Rajpoot Lancers, to whom Mortimer belonged, and the crack team supplied by the civilians of the Rohilkund Province, of which Greenwood, unfortunately, was the most important representative.

The other teams had been beaten one after another till only these two remained to cross sticks and finish off the final, which was to decide the fate of the Rohilkund Challenge Cup for the current year. It was to be the conclusion of the athletic tournaments, and by far the most important event of them all, to be followed later on in the evening by a fancy-dress ball, which would wind up the whole affair.

The polo ground was conveniently placed in the middle of the race-course enclosure, and crowds of all castes and colours gathered round to witness the contest.

"I fancy, Charlie will give a good account of himself on *Shillalah*," said Lieut. Gubbins to his friend the Major.

"He has his match in Greenwood. The Civilians would not be in the finals at all, were it not for Greenie's play on

Thursday. *Shabash*, that new pony of his, is as nippy on the twist as he is fast on the straight."

"Yes, and moreover, *Shabash* beat *Shillalah* in the half-mile on Tuesday, but I doubt, if he is as sure upon his pins in a hard and fast game."

"By the way" said the Major, "ain't it strange that these two Johnnies never play on the same side?"

"Not at all strange, I think, but strange if it were otherwise," put in Gubbins, "for then there would be no match for them in the whole of the Rohilkund command."

And true enough the contest was a long and hard one, and it was evident that it was anybody's victory, so evenly matched were the two teams.

"Played!" was suddenly the universal shout from the spectators, as Greenwood at that moment ran straight away with the ball and after a couple of "drives" landed it safely between the posts of the enemy. There was immense applause. The ball had been so cleverly manoeuvred, out of a rather awkward scrimmage, and run away with in spite of what Mortimer and *Shillalah* could do to the contrary. The fortunes of war were now equally divided, as the darkness was giving the first indication of its approach, for the twilight is but of short duration in these tropical climes. What was to be done, then, must be done quickly, if the teams were not to be satisfied with a drawn game, which found favour with no one. The combatants showed remarkably fair play, a feature so essential in such a violent and dangerous game as polo. But there was now a considerable amount of excitement on both sides, as the next try would probably decide the Rohilkund Cup, the most prized trophy of the whole tournament.

The rivalry between Greenwood and Mortimer became more pronounced than ever, so as even to attract the attention of the spectators. They had ceased indeed some little time before to be as free and frank with one another as they were wont to be, and though the cause of the estrangement was unknown to others, it was painfully present to themselves, for they had both been smitten

by the same girl, and that girl was none else than the new arrival.

She was watching them, they knew, from the front seat of the Grand Stand. Their exploits during the previous portion of the week were as nothing when compared to this encounter. Other fair eyes might be looking on the contest with equally keen interest; but these players heeded not. They were sensible to only two, and these two, they fancied were following them about in every hit and in every movement.

Once and again did the energetic Greenwood shoot away with the ball to the enemy's grounds, and once and again was he foiled by Mortimer. And then the moment came when the tables were to be turned, when Mortimer, wrenching the ball from his friend, got a fair run for his opponent's goal, and away, away he stretched for it. Another hit like that, straight and fair, and the goal and the trophy are yours, my boy.

But it was not to be. Greenwood rode to the rescue as if his very life depended on it, which, sad to say, it really did. From right, from left, the rivals converge on the ball at a terrific pace. There was a violent collision. In a flash of lightning both the ponies and their riders turned topsy-turvy on the ground head foremost. They picked up Mortimer insensible from concussion of the brain, while Greenwood was picked up—dead!

A sensation of horror passed through that vast assembly. It was a sad parting of so joyous a meeting. The fancy-dress ball to which people were so keenly looking forward, and for which such various costumes and ample preparations had been made, did not conclude the festivities of that "Week" at Zulmsala. People lamented the young promising life, so early and so unexpectedly taken away.

There was only one redeeming point in the whole of that sad catastrophe. Mrs. Bumble is only too fond of ascribing foul play to fatal accidents of this nature, but on this occasion the slattern was dumb. Had Mortimer been killed instead of Greenwood, she would have plenty to talk about. But even her slanderous tongue could not deny that the ball was Mortimer's, and that if there was any



"GREENWOOD RODE TO THE RESCUE, AS IF HIS VERY LIFE DEPENDED ON IT"

fault to be found at all, it was with Greenwood's impetuosity to save the goal by hustling off his opponent. Yet had the relation of these two friends remained the same as it was six months ago, had the new arrival never arrived, would the fatal accident have really happened? Who can say?

Even Miss Drummond herself at this time knew but little of the state of affairs, which had not yet reached the stage of open demonstration of any kind. Gradually, however, it became apparent that Mortimer was getting hopelessly attached to her. He went off his feed, became melancholy and lonely in his habits, a pathognomonic sign of some secret corrosion. The usually gay and lively youth became dull, moping and despondent, a state of mind charitably ascribed to the loss of his friend, to which, indeed, it was partly but not at all altogether due.

It was not till towards the end of the year, that he recovered a fair share of his former spirits. He became more companionable, more self confident. He became, in short, the affianced suitor for the hand of Miss Minerva Drummond.

"Am I not the happiest woman in the world?" she said, on first meeting after their engagement.

"And I, the happiest man, darling?" and he gently bent over and reverently kissed the forehead of his future bride.

"How pleased Joseph Greenwood would have been, had he lived to see us engaged!"

He did not reply, but it was evident from her remark that poor Minnie suspected nothing of the rivalry that had sprung up between them.

A day or two afterwards he was writing home to his widowed mother about his engagement to his "inimitable girl," as he was pleased to call her, describing all the charms she possessed, and some she didn't, in glowing crayons. Charlie was his mother's only child, since she lost the other in the mutiny, and she doted on him dearly, as he richly deserved. The happy day was to be on such and such a date, and would she not go out to grace the ceremony? Yes, painful as it necessarily would be, she would once more visit India, and see the famous monument over the fateful *Bhaori*, or Well of Cawnpore, where her young child Marie, with many others, was ruthlessly tossed during the Indian Mutiny of 1857.

It was a brilliant assembly that gathered to grace the marriage of Captain Charles Vernon Mortimer of the

Rajpoot Lancers, with Minerva Sophie, only child of General Drummond of the Rohilkund command. Old Mrs. Mortimer was there, having arrived from England a couple of days before. The Bishop of Lahore pronounced Charles and Minnie man and wife, and the succeeding banquet was going on merrily. The health of the bride and bridegroom had already been duly proposed, and the moment of slippers and rice-throwing was approaching fast when a strange incident occurred that had such far-reaching issues.

"What a lovely necklace Minnie is wearing?" remarked Mrs. Mortimer, suddenly attracted by the brilliant diamonds sparkling on the young bride's neck.

"It is, indeed," replied the General beside her, "and what is more, it is a necklace with a history, or rather, I should say, with a mystery."

"How interesting!" cried Mrs. Mortimer.

"You remember about the Mutiny, when——"

"Remember about the Mutiny!" interrupted Mrs. Mortimer. "Have I not lost my husband, my child, my all by it, except poor Charlie whom we had left at home?"

"Well, as I was going to say," said the General——

"I beg your pardon, yes, yes. Do tell me, though it always excites me, the mere mention of that horrible Mutiny."

"I was then a young captain, like your own son, Charlie, and I may now almost say my own son also."

Mrs. Mortimer looked up with a pleasant smile.

"My regiment, the 45th Lorallais, was stationed at Cawnpore."

Mrs. Mortimer pricked up her ears. "Cawnpore!" she repeated with evident emotion.

"My wife was on her way out to join me, with Minnie, our only child, when the Mutiny suddenly broke out, and we were ordered to march on Kammulpore to suppress the first outbreak there. "My wife," continued the General, "meantime reached Cawnpore, which then showed no sign of disturbance. Strange rumours, however, went flying

about that disaffection spread there also, and the right wing of the regiment was countermanded to return by forced marches in order to prevent further developments. Alas! we were too late. The day before we arrived, the fearful massacre at Chowra Ghat took place, followed by the thrilling tragedy of the Cawnpore Well, when almost all the rest of the British garrison, mostly women and children, were hurled into that awful abyss, one hundred and fifty feet deep, to perish in the water, heap upon heap. My first wife, like many other ladies, was among the victims. But Minnie was found under a spreading tamarind tree, with her faithful *ayah* wounded in the back and lying dead beside her. She had obviously run away to save the child and was fatally wounded in the effort. But we have never been able to find out about the necklace on Minnie's neck at that time, and the circumstance has always been more or less of a puzzle to me."

By the time the General had finished his simple tale, Mrs. Mortimer's gaze was fixed on the beautiful bride—her daughter-in-law, as if she had been a basilisk.

"My child! my child!" she suddenly shrieked. "'Tis my own Marie!" and off she went into violent hysterics.

The incident naturally threw a cloud of gloom over the happy merry-makers. People were quite amazed, and did not know what to make of the matter. Hysteria, however, is not so serious as it is sometimes violent. Besides, Mrs. Mortimer had only just reached India from a cold climate, and perhaps the heat and excitement over her son's wedding had proved too much for her old nerves. At any rate people said so, and whatever they thought they kept to themselves, and made as light of the case as possible.

They gently soothed her and removed her to her own room, where she rapidly recovered her self-possession, and promptly desired a private conversation with the General.

"Are you quite sure, General," she said, in deep anguish, "that Minnie is your very own child? The necklace is wonderfully like the one worn by mine

on that horrible day when I could not find our little child, nor yet the *ayah*, and when I was captured myself by Khulu Khan."

"I never doubted it," replied the General kindly, thinking that Mrs. Mortimer was actually going out of her mind, for she had always been subject to nervous attacks since that dreadful day.

"My infant Marie," she related, "was presented with a necklace exactly like that one, on her second birthday, by the friendly Rajah of Chotagaum, to whom my husband had previously been tutor during his minority. Her photograph had been taken the same day with her necklace on, and is the only reminiscence I possess of my poor lost child. And here," she said, as she rushed to a drawer, "here it is for you, General, for I have never parted with it since that awful day."

It was the turn of the General to be startled this time. The photograph looked like the very image of the child he had picked up years before, and only too fondly accepted as his own.

"Did you ever happen to open the pendant of the necklace?" continued the poor excited lady.

"No, never. It does not seem to have anything to open."

"Ah, then it cannot be yours," she cried, somewhat relieved, "for the pendant opened up and Marie's name was engraved inside it. Besides, Marie had a slight blemish on the right foot. Charlie has it, their father had it, and almost all the Mortimers from which they sprang, for many generations."

The General by this time was truly startled. He was aware of the slight blemish, if blemish it could be called, on Minerva's foot, but did not know his son-in-law had the same. He was indeed getting very anxious, and it was now near time for the young couple to start for their honeymoon, the first part of which was to be spent at the Residency twelve miles away. He was, naturally, averse to create a scene on such an occasion, yet the conversation greatly affected him.

"Be calm, Mrs. Mortimer," he pleaded at last, "and we will solve this riddle down to the bottom while there

is yet time. The young couple must part in peace as pre-arranged, but we both will overtake them before they reach the Residency."

And so it was decided; the young bride being particularly requested not to forget to take the necklace with her.

As the bridal carriage was approaching their temporary destination, Minnie happened to look behind.

"Dear me, Charlie," she cried, "here's papa and your mother driving at such a pace as if they wished to overtake us."

It was, sure enough, General Drummond, driving his own special mail phaeton with two spanking Walers, the fastest trotters in the whole of the Province.

The tale-telling necklace was brought forth at the Residency. The ruby jewel at the foot of the pendant was firmly pressed, when the pendant sprang open with a snap, and there, to be sure, engraved inside, was the significant legend of:

"MARIE MORTIMER."

As if any further doubt could exist, there was also that very same mother's mark on both bride and bridegroom that had distinguished many a fine Mortimer before them.

The young people belonged to an historic family whose hearts could break, but could never bend, and their's broke down rapidly under the terrible strain to which fate had so strangely subjected them. They returned to Zulmsala broken-hearted in the truest sense of the term.

Young Mortimer in his dire extremity, applied at once for furlough. But before it could be granted, indeed, almost before it was asked, he had got too ill to be removed. And before the month was over which they intended to spend on their happy honeymoon, two graves were dug side by side, not far from that of Greenwood in the Zulmsala cemetery, where rest for ever the remains of this hapless pair, adding one more mystery (till now revealed) to the many mysteries of mysterious Hindustan.

The whole Province mourned with genuine sorrow. Mortimer's brother officers and other friends raised a hand-

some monument over their graves as husband and wife. But with the exception of the nuptial ceremony, husband and wife they never were, but brother and sister.

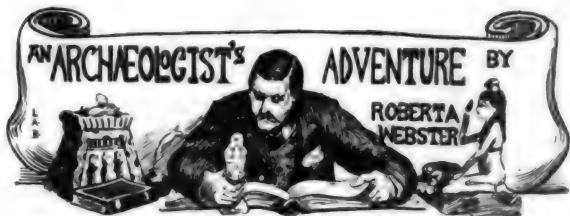
Even the doughty General Drummond, who shortly afterwards retired, never properly recovered from the shock of this painful calamity, while Mrs. Mortimer is still living in England in the care of friends, as a harmless, demented old lady, whose pathetic wail is never forgotten:

"My children, oh, my children."

On account of the rapid development

of railway lines of communication in India, Zulmsala was found to be useless as a military station, and has long since been abandoned. There is not a single white face now to be seen within miles and miles of that once important station, and when I visited, not long ago, the neglected resting place of so many gallant warriors, the very hummocks seemed to cry: "They have all gone their way and left us. 'Tis only we, we only, that abide here for ever,"—for nowhere sighs the wind so sadly as through the yew trees of an Anglo-Indian graveyard.





ILLUSTRATED BY L. A. BATE

BRAVO, Derrick! A most enthralling story! So enthralling that I am fain to think that you have drawn a good bit on your imagination, old chap. Remember, all of you, that we are only to give true accounts of any interesting adventures or experiences that we ourselves have undergone."

"Right," said the first speaker; "but whose turn is it now?"

"Old Colson has never divulged what caused his hair to turn grey," interrupted a dark man at the end of the table; "and I am sure it must have been owing to some fright or thrilling incident, as he is too young a man to possess white hair naturally."

"Yes, he is a sly dog," said another; "he looks so quiet, but I daresay has plenty of queer stories to tell if he chose."

"Indeed, I have not," cried Colson, the man with the white hair referred to. "My hobby is not very likely to lead me into the way of much excitement."

"No; I suppose in archæology you have to stoop so much that you can't rise to the occasion—eh, old man?"

"Don't worry the poor chap, Briggs," said the first speaker, joining in again. "You haven't obliged us yet, you know."

"Well, but let him say what bleached his hair," replied Briggs, ignoring the latter portion of his friend's remark.

"Yes, come on, Colson," cried Derrick, banging on the table. "Strict attention, please, to Mr. Colson's story."

"I suppose, as you insist, then," replied Colson, unwillingly, "I must tell you what happened to me three years ago, when I went away for my holiday."

"Bravo! Bravo!" cried the men seated round the table. "Fire away!"

It was a bachelor's dinner, and, the repast over, the friends were amusing themselves by the rehearsal of any curious episodes in their several lives.

"I have never referred to the subject before," commenced Colson, "as it is rather a sore one to me, the adventure, if you like to call it so, having nearly cost me my life."

"Well, to begin at the beginning, I must tell you that September had already commenced, and I had not yet made up my mind where I should go for my vacation, when I read in the evening paper of an interesting discovery of several bits of antique pottery made by some workmen whilst digging outside the old fortifications near Paris. I was very fond of the gay capital, so this decided me, as I saw an opportunity of combining my hobby with the enjoyment of a little of that Bohemian



WAS A BACHELOR'S DINNER

life that I knew so well as a youth, when I studied for two years in Paris. A few nights later I found myself crossing the Channel from Newhaven to Dieppe, and not at all enjoying a very choppy passage. On my arrival in Paris I established myself in a small hotel in the vicinity of the *Barrière D'Enfer*, so as to be near the site of my future labours. However, for the first half of my fortnight's stay I was fully occupied every day, and even up to late at night, with the investigation of historical and other less serious places of interest in the city. I found these of so interesting a description that it was with reluctance that I bethought me of the real object of my visit, viz., archaeological research; and, hunting in my portmanteau, I found a letter of introduction to a French *savant*, a member of the Institute, which a friend of mine,

a Professor of Archæology at the British Museum, had given me. Monsieur Bourdin resided on the other side of the river, not far from the Institute, and as I did not wish to lose time, I hailed a *fiacre* and told the man where to drive to.

"We stopped at a dull-looking house situated in a small turning off the Boulevard St. Michel — '*Boul. Mich.*' as it is familiarly termed by the Parisians, and in answer to the bell a trim *bonne* appeared.

"Yes, Monsieur Bourdin was *chez-lui*. Would Monsieur step this way?"

"I was ushered into a sunny apartment on the *entresol*, where a venerable looking old gentleman, with a long, white beard, sat writing. He received me courteously, and, after reading the letter which I presented to him, said he would be delighted to do all in his

power to serve any friend of his *cher confrère*, the Professor. He then enquired in what direction he could be useful to me, and whether I had any special scientific aim in view; and on my telling him of what I had read about the Roman remains, and how anxious I was to prosecute a further and more thorough search, he said certainly he would get me a signed permit, allowing me to excavate in the cause of science. 'Or, better still,' he added, 'I myself will go with you to-morrow, and set you in the right way; for though I must confess I cannot myself believe that there still remain many buried *objets d'arts* in Paris, yet who knows? And I am always pleased to encourage a young *confrère*.'

"Of course, I held this as a great honour, and told him so, and after a little conversation concerning our mutual friend, the Professor, I took my leave with the understanding that I was to call for Monsieur Bourdin the next morning at ten o'clock. However, when the next day dawned a *petit bleu* came for me from the kind-hearted *savant*, saying that he was sorry he would be unable to go with me as arranged, for he had been summoned to an important meeting, but he enclosed the permit, so that I might prosecute my researches when I liked, and would simply have to produce the document if called upon. It was no use wasting a day, as time was precious, so, armed with the permit, a packet of sandwiches, a flask, and the case containing my portable spade, I sallied forth alone, determined to devote an entire day to the glorious cause of science. Turning my steps in the direction of the disused fortifications, I selected a likely spot some little way off, and was soon hard at work.

"It was a beautiful morning, the deep-blue sky just flecked here and there with light fleecy clouds, and the glorious sun, unveiled, was smiling upon the world. I laboured all the morning, and, with an interval for much-needed refreshment, well on into the afternoon; but my search was fruitless, and after digging, scooping and grubbing, and finding nothing but a set of false teeth and a

few small skeletons, presumably the bones of that domesticated quadruped the cat, I prepared to return to Paris, as the occasion seemed unpropitious. I was putting up my spade, when a bit of bright colour caught my eye, and hastily brushing aside the loose earth I resuscitated a morsel of pottery, probably the remains of an ancient cup or vase. Excited with my discovery, I recommenced digging, hoping to come upon further relics.

"Whilst I was pausing to take breath I heard a voice not far off, and looked around to see to whom it belonged, as I did not wish to be disturbed; but no one was in sight, so, thinking I had deceived myself, I resumed my occupation, and after a few more strokes my spade hit with a clang on what resounded like metal. Is it possible, I thought, that I have come upon a coffer containing a hidden treasure? I dug away furiously, and had uncovered a surface of iron, when I was interrupted again by a voice; this time it sounded much nearer, and seemed to proceed from the very ground at my feet.

"'Let him once enter Paris, and he is a dead man,' it continued in a distinct but muffled tone; but as there was not a soul to be seen, I concluded, unwillingly, that my imagination was at work, owing perhaps to a touch of sunstroke, and that I must return to my hotel immediately. But I could not desist from taking it as a bad omen, and, feeling quite unnerved, mopped my forehead and sat down to rest for a minute, when — crash! — the iron gave way, and I fell into what seemed to me the bowels of the earth, losing consciousness as I went.

"I opened my eyes to find myself on my back, surrounded by a group of men of all types and most of them possessed of villainous countenances. I tried to rise, but was powerless, being securely bound hand and foot.

"'What is the meaning of this usage, gentlemen?' I asked, in a mild and conciliating tone; 'I assure you that it was quite by inadvertence that I entered thus unceremoniously.'

"'Oh, we don't suppose that you fell in on purpose,' answered one of the men fiercely. 'We were expecting you, how-



MY SEARCH WAS FRUITLESS

ever, as when we heard you digging we knew you had dogged our footsteps again; and, waiting until we heard the clang of your spade on the iron, just undid the trap-door, and — here you are, you see.'

"'So you won't spy on us any more, you cur, and worm out our secrets, gloating over the prospects of selling us to perdition,' growled another; 'the game is in our hands now, and we shall know how to conclude it!' he added significantly.

"'But who and what do you take me for?' I cried, bewildered.

"'For what you are, a spy, a mean-white-livered hound!' he hissed rather than spoke.

"'What an absurd mistake,' I said, trying to appear unconcerned, but my teeth rattling with terror; 'I am an archaeologist, and was hunting for Roman relics, quite by chance happening to be over this spot.'

"'A likely story,' he replied; 'a precious lot of Roman relics there are about here. No! you were after other game, my man, and it is useless denying it,' as

I began protesting the truth of my statement. 'Your soul must be dark with lies already, and if you wish to repent you should be quick about it, as you have only a short time to live.'

"I was so dumbfounded at this that I could not find tongue to speak, and the men retired to the other side of the vault and seemed to be deliberating, occasionally casting glances in my direction. I followed them with my eyes and presently remarked that each one displayed, protruding from his breast-pocket, a scarlet silk handkerchief embroidered in one corner with a skull in black and yellow.

"On seeing this, I recognised that I was in the power of some secret society, probably Anarchists, and was in the most deadly peril, being evidently mistaken by them for a Government spy.

"'Well, that is settled then,' cried the chief of the Brotherhood, coming towards me, and standing over me with a diabolical expression on his face.

"'Perhaps you have guessed,' he continued, 'that we have been debating the manner of your exit from this trouble-

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some world, and as we think this place no longer safe for us to meet in, the secret of it probably being known to others through your agency, we have decided to do away with it, and with you at the same time. I must inform you that this tunnel is a disused drain pipe, which has been blocked up at some time or other and the current diverted, thus, we have only to loosen a few bricks from the wall you see at that end, and by the flooding of the place to effect our double object; but,' he added, as I gave a gasp of horror, 'this will not happen until the early hours of morning, when the sluices are turned on, so you will have a long night in which to prepare for your demise. We shall shortly leave you to your reflections, having nearly finished the business that brought us here,' he concluded sarcastically.

"I broke into tears and lamentations, beseeching them to release me, but to no avail; and after adding every argument I could think of, I relapsed into silence, on the threat of being gagged if I spoke again.

"The villains then proceeded to read out some papers, and from the contents thereof and their conversation, I gathered that they were concocting an infamous plot to make away with the Grand Duke when he visited Paris. The sentence I had overheard had evidently then referred to him, and I thought it my imagination. Good God! there was not much imagination about the plight I was in. Their fiendish words, alas! would before long be applicable to my own person. The Anarchists now prepared to leave, one of them in the meantime having effected a fair-sized opening in the partition with my own spade. 'Farewell! or rather *au revoir*! I have no doubt we shall meet again—down below!' said the chief to me grimly as they filed out by a door at the other end, and I heard it bang behind them, and the sound of heavy iron bolts being shot into their sockets.

"So I was left alone, and hopelessly caged in that dismal hole, with the prospect of a revolting death before me. At this thought I gave way, and wept impotent tears, cursing the ruffians who had left me thus to die.

"But presently the future dawned

upon me more and more, and I began to picture what would happen when the weary night dragged to its close—whether wild floods would pour in, in tumultuous torrents, choking me in a grimy liquid, or would it ooze in slowly, but—ah! it was too nauseating to dwell upon, and I endeavoured to turn my thoughts in other directions, repeating pieces of Holy Writ, and thinking over my past life.

"Thus the slow hours dragged by, each one seeming a lifetime, interspersed with fitful snatches of sleep, for I was very weary after my long day and all that I had gone through, but I awoke each time with a start, fancying the horror was on me!

"The last time I dosed, a sharp pain at the ankle roused me, and with a shriek of terror I remembered the rats. Sewer rats! which always abound underground. It was pitch dark, as the torch left by the Anarchists had long since gone out. I could neither see nor move, and I lay hardly breathing for a few seconds, listening for the slightest sounds of movement. But I heard nothing, and came to the conclusion that it was the tight rope cutting into the flesh that caused me such agony. However, the rats were almost sure to come sooner or later, and the thought of lying there, bound and helpless, to be gnawed and eaten, was so horrible that it awoke in me a spark of courage, the courage born of despair, I would make an effort to free my limbs, and then at least I could face death standing, I thought; and after what seemed to me several hours, I at length succeeded, by dint of wriggling, struggling and pulling, in freeing one hand and arm, tearing the skin away in the excess of my zeal.

The rest was easy, and I was soon standing up trying to pierce the gloom and straining my ears to catch first the sound of my doom. At last it came. I heard a sound of liquid trickling, at first slowly, then quicker; and as I realised that the end was near, and that the black and loathsome torrents were on me, my heart seemed to stop beating, and I sank fainting on the ground, hoping to meet death during unconsciousness. But it was not to be; and

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presently I found myself battling for my life on the face of the water, which was rising so quickly that I only had time to notice, in a vague and confused manner, that it was fresh, pure liquid, instead of what I had been dreading, and at any rate would afford me a more pleasant end, when my head struck against something hard, and it flashed across my mind that in a few seconds I should be a flat and battered corpse, sandwiched between the water and the top of the vault; but as I touched the trap-door a faint hope rose in my breast. I groped frantically for the bolt, found it, and had succeeded in wrenching it back, and the door falling open, when I sank gasping into the water.

"It was lucky for me that I did so, otherwise I must assuredly have been instantly killed by the heavy plate of iron. When I once more rose spluttering to the top, I managed to catch hold of the frame-work, and hung on painfully, feeling every second that I must let go and drop into the abyss; but the pure air of heaven revived me and gave me strength, and, clenching my teeth, with a last and mighty effort I drew myself up through the opening and then fell exhausted on the ground outside.

"When I regained my senses, I was lying in the *Bureau de Police*, wrapped in blankets, and on questioning the *commissaire* seated at the desk, learned that I had been rescued just in time by some *gendarmes* and brought there in a half-drowned condition, the flood having

risen after me, as if it were loth to quit its intended victim, and that the Anarchists had deceived themselves and let loose, not sewage, but clear water, on its way to the inhabitants of Paris.

"So I was saved. But I remembered what I had heard, and as I wished no time to be lost, I desired the sergeant to despatch a messenger for the *Préfet de Police*, and on his arrival told him my story, laying special stress on the part concerning the Russian Duke. The official heard me with attention, incredulity, astonishment, and anxiety showing on his face, and finally he said he must take immediate steps to frustrate the Anarchists' scheme, as the Grand Duke was expected hourly to arrive in Paris; and whilst thanking me for the information I had given him, expressed sorrow at the unpleasant experience I had undergone, more especially as I was the friend of the great and learned *Monsieur Bourdin*.

"By this time I felt sufficiently recovered to drive to my hotel, and on catching sight of my face in a looking-glass, I was horrified to find that my hair was quite white, turned by the long-drawn agony of those dreadful hours in a single night. I prolonged my stay in Paris for a few days to recruit my strength, and before returning to England, I learned with satisfaction that, owing to the information I had supplied, added to some knowledge they already possessed of the secret society, the police were on the track of the Anarchists, and in all probability I should be fully avenged."



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